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NZ MAGAZINE

*New Zealand's National Journal —
the Periodical For All Readers*



In This Issue :

LADY KEYES—A Remarkable Personality
A Personal Sketch of S. G. HOLLAND
THE LABOUR PARTY and the PRESS
With the Kiwis in Italy
The Facts about Milk Pasteurization
and 16 other Articles and Stories

NZ **MAGAZINE**

"The Voice of New Zealand"

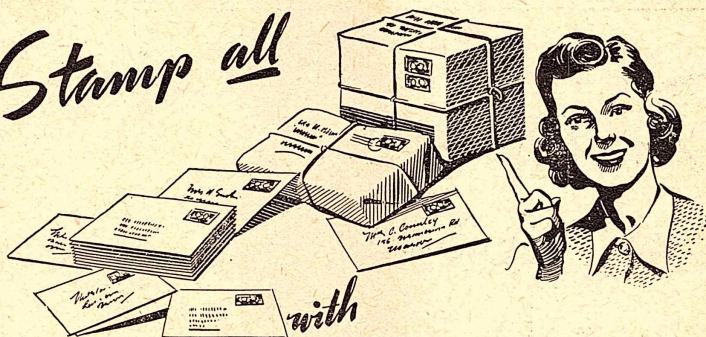
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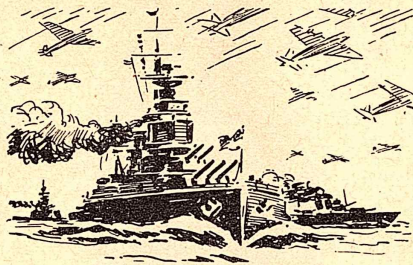
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N. Z. MAGAZINE

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The Editor's Note-Book

New Zealand has no need to fear its economic future. As a food-producer alone its place in the world is assured, as this recent news-item indicates: "Seventy-five per cent. of the 1,150 million inhabitants of Asia have a diet insufficient for health, and even in the United States and western Europe 20 to 30 per cent. of the people suffer from malnutrition." Before the war it was stated that one-third of the people in Britain were under-fed.

A deceased American launched a new fashion in tombstones. He lived to a substantial age, and there has been carved on his stone the recipes for dishes to which he owed, he thought, his long life and good health. What an education a cemetery will be when everyone leaves advice behind him, hints and tips and cautions, where to stay and where to trade!

For the first time in 38 years Invercargill celebrated Christmas and New Year as a licensed district. During 1944 that city had included in its social amenities four drinking places, a brewery, and two bottle stores.

The English edition of Mr. Walter Nash's book, "New Zealand, a Working Democracy"—first published in U.S.A.—is receiving flattering reviews in British journals. Most comments describe it as interesting and important.

New Zealand has never stood higher in the estimation of Australia than today, leading newspapers vying with each other in describing the advantages of our State Housing, Social Security, Rehabilitation, and so on. A recent article in the Sydney "Morning Herald" has a 3-column heading, "N.Z. Rehabilitation Scheme Leaves Australia Standing."

Here's an extract from a reader's letter which makes us feel that the work of producing the N.Z. MAGAZINE is worthwhile: "Yours is a magazine one feels better for having read, and unlike the digests it has a **homely** feeling which is an added appeal." Another letter just received says: "I like the **freshness** of the N.Z. MAGAZINE."

THE ADMIRAL'S LADY

Impressions of Lady Keyes,
Partner on "The Bridge"

By JAMES DREW

More than one notable figure in history has been a "two-man team," owing much of his ability, enterprise and subsequent distinction to the inspiration and devotion of his wife. Whether or not Admiral of the Fleet Baron Keyes of Zeebrugge, who has been visiting New Zealand lately, would have progressed so far in the service had he remained single is perhaps a moot point, but it certainly can be said that Lady Keyes is accustomed to being "on the bridge" with her husband rather than remaining below decks in the galley.

It is probably pardonable exaggeration to say, as some have, that "she is the whole battleship," but we who have met this noted couple have certainly been mightily impressed by the quality of their teamwork. The woman who, before the war, used to type all her husband's MSS., and since 1939 has been sharing danger as a transport driver; the woman whose whole family has shared in the rigours of war (one son died gallantly) has not for nothing been her husband's secretary during their overseas tour.

When Admiral Keyes was in the midst of a Press conference at Government House, Wellington, depicting strategy on a broad verbal canvas, his lady entered, fresh from a shopping expedition. Did she apologetically efface herself as quickly as possible, shunning the discussions with all their technicality and allusions to history?

Lady Keyes did not. Quickly ridding herself of her burden of parcels, the woman who obviously knows her husband's mind almost as well as he does himself, plunged unhesitatingly into the conference, and, it may be said, thereby enhanced its piquancy.

She who, on the eve of the Battle of Zeebrugge in 1918, had pointed out that the next day would be St. George's Day, and had told her husband, "Let your battle cry be 'St. George for England,'" knows her Navy—and what should have been done had her husband had his way. He is content to let the matter lie—but Lady Keyes believes errors of judgment in high circles ought to receive the searchlight of attention.

Let a point of discussion arise and the feminine war machine sounds "action stations."

The Admiral had been expounding a line of argument, apparently to his own satisfaction.

"But, Roger, I don't think you ought to make too much of that," interposed his wife.

"I didn't, dear."

"I didn't say you did, darling."

The Admiral sheered off on another tack. Singapore, its purpose and fall, was the subject. It was Lady Keyes who recalled that her husband had once said that if Australia were attacked and they did not have a Singapore all they could send would be messages of sympathy.

She knew what lay behind the naval concept in planting the base at Singapore. "We relied on France to remain a friendly Power and expected that French Indo-China would be retained under French rule. When France fell it upset everybody's calculations. After all, we never contemplated that in the same way Germany would secure submarine bases at Brest."

That was the woman with naval knowledge speaking.

"Beatty and I were entirely responsible for Singapore," declared Admiral Keyes. "We fought it out with five different Governments. It was to have been the advance base for the Fleet. I considered having a Mediterranean Fleet in the Pacific. What we meant to do was to have a powerful battle force based on Singapore."

It was Churchill who actually suggested where the Singapore base should be, added the Admiral. "It is only fair to say that nobody contemplated Singapore being captured from Malaya—and it never would have been had it been given proper protection."

The conversation drifted to the wider strategies, and the Admiral's lady rode the waves like an ocean greyhound. (The simile isn't altogether far-fetched, for this tall, slim woman quietly dressed, her only jewellery a string of pearls, a wedding ring and a Navy brooch, was as self-possessed and disciplined in intention as any ship and its company.)

Baron Keyes spoke of the respective roles of the battleship and the bomber, emphasising their complementary duties. After all, he said, the "Prince of Wales" had been sunk by 21 in. torpedoes from flying-boats 400 miles from their base.

"My husband wants a naval air service," Lady Keyes explained. "The fleet air arm is not the proper name for it."

She ought to know. She had fully shared her husband's inner thoughts as he had turned out the manuals that helped to make him famous.

There were other things she said, too, that we can't talk about just now. After the manner of the heroine of "In Which We Serve," her life has been largely dictated by the sea.

Next to Mrs. Roosevelt possibly, Lady Keyes is best able to express worthwhile opinions. Her thoughts are almost entirely on the sea, but rarely if ever can it be said that she is "at sea." She and her husband are "two keys" that snugly fit the one lock, and they turn to good effect.



THE EFFICIENCY MAN

A Personal Study of S. G. Holland

By DENIS WILMOT

S. G. Holland, Leader of the National Party, Leader of the Opposition, and probably a future Prime Minister, used to be a South Island hockey representative. Followers of that strenuous sport, which is no parlour game, remember him as a fearless, aggressive and resourceful player, who had not only the capacity to "take it," but could also "dish it out," as the saying goes, when the occasion demanded it.

Today, at 51, Mr. Holland is not the same slim figure who wore the colours of the Canterbury and South Island hockey representatives, but there are not many men of his age who look fitter. He has put on weight, and for that reason watches his diet fairly closely, but he has an air of robust good health which is emphasised by his jaunty and immaculate appearance. He does not smoke, and although not a teetotaller, he drinks little. If he drinks at all, it is likely to be a glass of sherry before a meal.

People who are close to S. G. Holland in politics and business life (of which he sees little these days) have an intense respect for him. There are several reasons for this. He is unassuming, completely unaffected, staunch in his loyalties, and a witty and amusing conversationalist at the appropriate occasion. Over-riding all these things is his high standard of personal efficiency. Whatever responsibilities the future may hold for him, he is unlikely to fail through lack of personal effort or ability. It is rather amusing that at the present time, in an effort to discredit him, the Labour newspaper is running a series of cartoons depicting him as "Superman." By comparison with certain other prominent political figures, whose inability to delegate responsibility is notorious, the description is not entirely inappropriate.

When in Wellington he stays at the Hotel Waterloo, and is usually to be seen walking briskly towards his office at

about nine in the morning. His office is in the old Library wing, and is the room R. J. Seddon occupied when he was Prime Minister. From then on until nearly midnight, Mr. Holland's day is spent almost invariably at Parliament Buildings, and most of the time he is at his desk. He is meticulous in dealing with correspondence, and disposes of work in a fashion that often amazes his staff. He is a man with a "tidy" mind, with an instinctive flair for systematising his affairs, and also with the habit of personal tidiness, to the extent of being almost fastidious in his attire and personal appearance.

Down on the Farm.

Yet when he is able to get a few precious days off from the political round, and retire to his farm at Motunau, North Canterbury, a different S. G. Holland is seen. On the farm he is satisfied with an old hat, an old shirt, and an old pair of trousers. Attired like a farm labourer, he does the work of a farm labourer round the place, and revels in the strenuous outdoor work. It is typical of him that though the farm is a prosperous one (it bears the charming name of Greta Paddock, from the neighbouring Greta stream) he himself, when in residence, dwells in an unpretentious cottage, while the best house on the property is occupied by the farm manager. Though he frequently receives long-distance telephone calls at the farm, he does not encourage them, as he has to walk over from his cottage to the manager's house to answer the phone.

In business life he is a manufacturer of spray pumps and such-like implements. Farming is a comparatively recent sideline with him, but he has applied to it the energy and efficiency that characterise everything he does. This has been shown by the improvement in output since he took it over. Grass seed grown at Greta Paddock has astonished scientific experts by its quality.

Though Mr. Holland is a townsman by environment he is quite possibly a countryman by instinct. His father, Henry Holland, is a Yorkshireman who first made a living in Canterbury by helping farmers to thresh their wheat. His mobile threshing plant was operated from Greendale, and there Sidney George Holland was born in 1893—the year that Seddon became Premier on the death of Ballance.

Henry Holland took an agency for farm machinery and went to Christchurch to live. Sidney was sent to the West Christchurch District High School, and his first job after leaving there was with the hardware firm of Mason Struthers Limited. As a leading political figure, his biography has been sketched so often that repetition of it would be superfluous. The leading fact is that after returning from the war, in which he served as an artillery officer, he set up as a manufacturer with his brother, and this is the business which today is

widely known for its profit-sharing scheme. Meantime his father had become Mayor of Christchurch and M.P. for Christchurch North. Just prior to the 1935 election campaign an accident to Mr. Henry Holland prevented him from contesting the seat. S. G. Holland, who up till that time had had no ideas about standing for Parliament, was pressed to accept nomination, and eventually did so.

His Start in Politics.

Although he had helped his father in earlier campaigns, and had been active in civic politics in Christchurch, his inexperience of the platform was such that he had only one set speech, and this he delivered 19 times. His loyal relatives, who dutifully followed him from meeting to meeting, got to know it by heart, and one evening, when about to deliver one of his most telling points, he heard one of his nieces, sitting in the front row, say: "Here come the lawnmowers!"

Yet when he entered the House, as one of the only two new members on the non-Labour side (the other being J. A. Roy, from Clutha) he quickly made an impression as a speaker. A good radio voice helped him in winning public recognition, and his freshness and capacity for work, in a tired, apathetic, and disillusioned party, marked him out for certain advancement.

The rest is recent history. He became Leader of his Party in November, 1940, and at once set out to reorganise and revitalise it from top to bottom. He made new staff appointments, promoted co-operation and teamwork, and generally introduced a "New Deal." The result was seen at the 1943 General Election, and later at Awarua, and is reflected in the solid array of debating talent now possessed by the Opposition.

To Mr. Holland, the increasing demands of his political work, and the probability that they may increase still further, have one overwhelming disadvantage. He is a man of simple tastes, devoted to his home and family. Long and frequent separations from his family, and especially from the two schoolgirl daughters who are the younger of his four children, do not attract him at all. Of his two sons, one was married recently after returning from active service in the Pacific, and the other is a medical student.

Once, when he had more leisure, he played golf and tennis, and with more than ordinary skill in both cases. These days almost his only recreation, apart from manual work on his farm, is an occasional game of snooker in the Parliamentary billiard room. Here his chief rival is his close personal friend, W. S. Goosman, Member for Waikato. If Sid Holland is seen walking through Parliament buildings wearing a jubilant smile, the reason is not so much likely to be a political success (although these have not been denied him) as that he has just beaten Mr. Goosman at snooker.

With the R.N.Z.A.F. in the Pacific



TAKING A SUN-SHOT IN A CATALINA FLYING BOAT, NEAR MALAITA

Russell Clark, official war artist, recently returned from the Pacific War Front with bulging sketch-books, which he is now converting into dramatic paintings in oils and water-colour. Here is a small reproduction of one of his first finished pictures.

By courtesy N.Z. Government.

LABOUR AND THE PRESS

*An Experienced Journalist discusses
The Proposed Labour Daily Newspaper*
By "TE NGAKARA"

Propaganda always yearns for a vehicle for its articulation, and therefore comes the craving for either a weekly or a daily newspaper. Naturally, given a weekly, then, like Millais's babe reaching for that cake of soap, the propagandist won't be happy till he gets his daily dose.

Consider what goes to the making and running of a daily paper. Advocates who really should know all about it write that "it will cost thousands of pounds" when, as practical men in the printing trade, they should tell the outsider that it will cost tens, yea, hundreds of thousands.

Labourites in Great Britain endeavoured for thirty years to become daily articulate in their own daily paper. They had a brilliant friend in Robert Blatchford's weekly "Clarion." But R.B. led a band of high-brow Socialists, not practical trade unionists. It seems strange that Britain, with its 63 million people, could not organise a daily paper, especially when it is considered that the country had some strong and well-to-do unions. Does some reader here interject: But Britain has attained its ambition in the London "Daily Herald." No, the British Labourites have not yet secured their very own daily organ. The "Herald" is actually owned by one of the great newspaper syndicates which the leaders of the Labour unions both at Home and here in New Zealand so vehemently abuse.

The United States of America, with a population of 130 millions, has never yet owned and run a Labour daily paper. Indeed, the U.S.A. has not attained to full growth in Democracy—it has no Labour Party in politics!

Australia, which has had virile weekly Labour organs in each of the five States these 40 years, and a very vocal Labour-in-Politics movement all over the Commonwealth of seven million people, has never had a daily organ. Why? Because the enterprise was too-too expensive.

John Christian Watson, Australia's first Federal Prime Minister, was the sole trustee of a fund started in Sydney 40 years ago for the purpose of establishing a Labour daily. As a practical printer—he served his time in New Zealand, on the "Oamaru Mail"—he said it would be futile to start such a venture unless and until they had accumulated a fund of £250,000. The money began to come in so readily that J.C.W. was urged to plan the paper. Not yet, he replied.

Pressure was brought to bear, with the result that a site in the heart of the city was bought and in the course of the years a big building was erected. That achievement absorbed the accumulated money. Then came splits within the party. There has been no Labour daily to date.

What hope, therefore, has New Zealand with a population of 1,600,000 people? A new daily paper must from its first copy be primarily a *newspaper*, with cabled items from all the ends of the earth and all the worthwhile news from the centres of New Zealand. These cables and telegrams can, of course, be obtained by joining up with the United Press Association, which follows the policy and principles of the Labour Party—it is a co-operative news-gathering association of newspaper owners.

In addition, the Labour daily will have to organise special correspondents to report on overseas happenings that will appeal to Socialists and trades unionists. All this plus a picked staff of reporters to cover routine city happenings, specialists in Labourism and sub-editors, at more than award rates, in order to attract the brains from the other dailies of the two islands. That is what the editor of "The Dominion" did 37 years ago when that paper was established at what was then considered great expense, when there was no industrial wage or hours award for journalists. Then, on the mechanical side, the Labour daily will have to be equipped with a large battery of linotype-setters, manned by expensive operators.

And that is not all. A great many details go to the production of a daily newspaper. Consider the front office clerical and advertisement-canvassing staff, the publisher's job in getting subscribers—for without circulation (as in the human frame) there is no life in newspapers. Runner boys—a small army of these is necessary. Don't forget, also, that the Labour daily is to be a Dominion concern, with four cities to be covered with news-interest and circulation. Some enterprise!

Labour's "Close Corporation"

Now, there is much to be said on the attitude of Labour's leaders towards existing daily papers. The great masses of workers, however, have no complaint, for they know they are getting per week a good shilling's worth of news and interesting reading, no matter what the editorial columns may contain. New Zealand is the most numerously and best *news*-serviced country in the world. That is why—despite carping criticism and political protests—New Zealanders are the best-informed and the most intelligent people, and explains why our fighting forces have such a strong leaven of individualism and initiative. Also why so many gifted men and women migrated to make New Zealand famous overseas—H. B. Marriott-Watson, Fergus Hume, W. P. Reeves, Hector Bolitho, Edith Lyttelton ("G. B. Lancaster"), Kathleen Beauchamp ("Katherine Mansfield"), David Low, Lord Rutherford, Alfred Hill, Dr. Gillies. These names come readily to memory. Readers can conjure up other significant additions.

The Man in the Street, who is the real backbone of the cities—for he it is who fills the ranks of Labour Unions and makes papers possible by his shilling a week payment,—doesn't care a tin of fish about the quality of the writing in his favourite sheet of newsprint. Journalists, indeed, is a thing far, far better to him than the near-literature of good writing. What he wants is *news* of the world and of his own country, its people and their doings. Politics? Oh, yes—he reads a few paragraphs; but he would rather listen-in to a wrestling match or watch a game of football than read through a column of Parliament or of a meeting unless politics are in season, such as a general election.

Against the carping criticism of the secretariat of Labourism in New Zealand aimed at the autocracy of our daily newspapers, there is this to be said: The papers are out for *news*. Labourites say their interests are neglected. Whose fault is that? Actually, that of secretaries who are charged with that most enviable crime of being well paid. Reports of the monthly or annual meetings of trades unions, especially the election of officers—for the New Zealander is keen on reading names and personalia—are real local news. But since the Secretariat of Socialism became a close corporation of the vested interest of Labourism, the executives have created a false impression that by publishing news of their units they are giving away secrets to their enemies.

Concerning "The Standard"

Time was when our daily papers used to publish the monthly reports of the Trades Councils of the four centres and of the meetings of the unions, supplied, of course, by the secretaries or the official reporters of these bodies, who were then enthusiasts in the cause of organised unionism and therefore were of the Great Unpaid (honorary) class. But with the rise of the well-paid professional secretaries, publicity has been prohibited. And do you doubt that the unionist does not like to read about the doings of his union? For, as with so many of the lodges of our friendly societies, a very small proportion of members attend even the annual meetings—unless something is brewing thereat.

Will the Labour daily supply that reporting need to and for the unionists? Doubtful. Oh, yes, there is ground for such doubt. Take any issue—take every issue of the weekly "Standard," which it is hoped to turn into the Labour daily, and the searcher will not find the doings of any trades union, either monthly or annual meetings. The boot-maker will not find anything about the progress of the tanning industry nor the tanner about the footwear trade; no reports of the various branches of the printing trades nor of skilled workers in iron and steel. The carpenters and joiners were a numerous group of unionists, but no word of their existence gets into the columns of the "Standard." That journal, in fact, is the organ of the unskilled workers of the Dominion, for they get a great spin—and it is the organ of the politician, who gets almost as much space as he receives year in and year out from the daily papers, despite the carping critics.

Indeed, and in truth, the much-abused but really very generous newspapers always give Labourites free space in return for abuse, while they deny a couple of inches of puff pars to advertisers who spend thousands of pounds per annum for their space!

Finally, as carping critics neither give their best friends any credit nor yet count their blessings, there is an outstanding obvious influence for good to the cause of Labourism and Socialism on the part of New Zealand's daily newspapers, which seemingly is not felt by those who do not want to see any good in what is one of the Dominion's Vested Interests. That very astounding and historical fact is that the Liberal-Labour Party of forty years ago and the Labour Party of these latter days won successive elections not *despite* but *because* of the strenuous partisan strife instilled by supposedly Tory-owned daily papers. (After all, a newspaper is a business proposition primarily.) Premier Seddon and his colleagues and candidates—there was no professional secretariat in those days when Labourism was in its infancy and class organisation had scarcely begun—poured the vials of the vitriol of their political wrath upon the press proprietors and their editors exactly as Premier Savage and Premier Fraser and their colleagues and agents and secretariat have been dealing it out to the same papers during the past decade.

Yet with all the influence and power with which Labour leaders invest editors and owners of the daily press, the Lib.-Lab. Party came back to the House from the country stronger than ever after each of the three elections; and in our most modern times history has repeated itself in giving the Labour Party successive victories in general elections.

So, with so many daily papers working *for* them, why do the Secretariat of the Socialists yell as if the Cause really was seriously hurt?

A UNIQUE NEWSPAPER

As a footnote to the above article, "Te Ngakara" writes:

In the Sept.-Oct. issue of the N.Z. MAGAZINE its editor mentioned the case of the "Christian Science Monitor" as an example of a special cause having its daily advocate. But the "Monitor" was organised and is being run, not on its own circulation and advertisements, but from the profits of other enterprises of the Christian Science movement. And today the "Monitor" has a large staff of special news correspondents in all parts of the world—yes, even here in New Zealand—plus an extra staff of still more highly-paid war correspondents in all the theatres of operations. The "Monitor," therefore, must be costing a mint of money. It can do so at the expense of the Christian Science movement, which is wealthy enough to afford the sending of free copies regularly to all the libraries of the English-speaking world—yes, again in New Zealand also. And many of our newspapers have for years carried a neat four-inch advertisement concerning the "Monitor." In return for the free publication of that advertisement the editors of the papers get a free copy of the "Monitor," which is one of the sanest and most informative *news* dailies in the world.

With the Kiwis in Italy

Home Life in the Front Line

By ROBERT SCOTT

(The author is an officer in the N.Z. Field Artillery.)

I'm writing from the front room of our house, the home of a peasant family.

Let's look around. From the beach road we turn off on a country lane, passing through an area of cultivation. We soon come upon our "casa"—it is a small brick place with orange walls, and a vegetable garden on three sides of the house. Downstairs is a living room and kitchen; another small room is our Command Post, while the remainder of the ground floor is taken up with the stable.

Houses and stables go together in this land. Livestock is valuable and must be well looked after, especially in winter. Up the concrete stairs are the bedrooms.

The folk of this house returned from hiding yesterday. "Ted" (the Italian name for the Hun) had moved out the night before. Home at the moment are three elderly women, a young lass and her brother. In the stables—perhaps I should say cow-bails—are three huge white cows with whopping big horns. A pig "stinks" nearby. Rabbits run at random, geese get under our feet, dogs bark like hell when the guns fire—yes, there are even a few cats about the house. So we Kiwis are certainly "down on the farm."

* * * *

Today started for us at 4 a.m. We made a move through the dawn, and reached our new area in time for breakfast and the nine o'clock news. Dawn was a colourful picture—deep blue, pinks, reds, and yellow. Once again we are in a house. The Italians are down below with their stock. Children are here in their dozens. Beneath the roar of guns and planes last night I could hear a very young baby crying.

Time is 1.15 in the far-too-early morning—we are on a large firing task. There is the most rowdy sound of battle—guns are barking on every side. What a pasting Jerry is getting—never before have I seen our fighter-bombers so busy. "Ted" gets a continuous service—dust and smoke rise thick and fast from his side. The table is bouncing up and down as I write.

Earlier this evening we had a small party at the Command Post—raided the cook-house and found a dish of chops, so it was quite a good supper, and what is more important, made time pass quickly and more pleasantly. A new "N.Z.E.F. Times" is out. They are always interesting and let us catch up with the news within the Division.

What a helluva racket is going on outside!—and it's continuous these rather hectic days and nights. How are we supposed to sleep?—but we do, don't hear a sound after three minutes.

New Zealand parcels arriving these days, so all trucks are well supplied with the little extras that make our good battery-cooked meals even more enjoyable.

* * * *

From our position here we have a grand view of the battle—and what a battle! Gosh, “Ted” is taking a hiding—am glad I’m not in his shoes! It would be nice to have a spell of “quiet”—the guns haven’t stopped barking for days. The Eighth Army are certainly moving forward on the tide of Victory—soon be flat out for points north.

One highlight in this campaign is artificial moonlight—dozens of searchlights light up the front line at night.

“We’ve been busy this last couple of weeks, firing day and night, making many moves north, and that of course means plenty of work—digging pits, heaving guns, humping ammo., firing tasks, and dodging shells. But it’s great, riding forward on the tide of Victory.

* * * *

Some of us were swimming yesterday, and again this sunny morning. Seems queer, seeing soldiers splashing around in the nude, and not fifty yards away civilians, male and female, going about their household tasks. It’s just the natural thing to do in lands such as Italy.

The sky is very colourful just now, but all is not pretty in this coastal battlefield. Dead Huns are everywhere—what a thrashing they are getting. Stinking animals lie in most paddocks. So you can guess the breeze from the sea is most welcome when it comes.

It is a sorry sight to see the peasants return home—one young woman with a babe in arms came back to find her home a pile of rubble, and to be greeted by the news that her husband had been bumped off the night before, when he got mixed up in the battle. I’ve no time for these Ities, but we do feel sorry for the children.

HE ASKED FOR ADVICE

The shy young undergraduate wanted to take a girl out for the evening. He sought advice from a more sophisticated undergrad.

“Should I ask her to dinner before the show?” he asked.

“By all means, my dear fellow,” said the senior.

“I suppose I should book the seats?”

“Certainly.”

“And should I buy her sweets?”

“Yes, it’s usual.”

“And when I take her home, do I kiss her good-night?”

The blase senior considered the matter judiciously.

“No,” he decided, “I don’t think it’s necessary. If you’ve given her a dinner, a show, and chocolates, you’ve done enough.”

IS GAMBLING A NECESSITY?

By C. CLARKE-SMITH

One evening just before Christmas I attended a farewell gathering. The guest of honour was a printer and, naturally, a good many of those present were connected with printing in one way or another. There was also a detective present—as a guest—and during the evening this representative of the law was asked to make a speech. He obliged and ended his remarks with a question.

He asked: "As we have so many printers here tonight, will someone please tell me who prints the double charts?" (For the uninitiated, a double chart is a small slip of paper on which is set out the odds for those who feel confident enough to pick a winning horse in two races. If one wins you receive nothing but if both do you are paid at long odds, varying usually from 15 to 1 to 150 to 1 or even more.)

Of course, it was all in fun. I have no doubt the law knows very well who prints the double charts. But the question raised a whole host of pros and cons on gambling, a subject which is very much in the limelight in New Zealand now.

Someone followed the detective's question with this one:

"Who prints the pakapoo tickets?"

Like double charts and bookmaking, pakapoo is an illegal game, so it is naturally assumed that printing pakapoo tickets is also against the law. But it was pointed out that this is not so. They are regarded by the law as the paraphernalia for a game. You can print pakapoo tickets just as freely as you can print playing cards or, for instance, the board on which is played the popular children's game of "Snakes and Ladders." You are also within the law if you mark a pakapoo ticket just for the fun of it, but you are liable to arrest if you bet on the markings you make.

Confusions and Anomalies.

So what? Well, it is just another example of the confusions and anomalies which surround the gaming laws. Thousands of double charts are printed weekly, and the law knows all about it. There are many hundreds of bookmakers operating and the law knows about most of them. Go up to the Taranaki-Tory Street area in Wellington, or similar areas in any large town, and you will find, behind any amount of closed doors and shuttered windows, the game of pakapoo being played. Of course the law knows all about that, too.

There are frequent prosecutions against all these forms of gambling. But in almost every case it is half-hearted. There is no real attempt to close up the bookmakers or clean out the pakapoo "dens." Provided there is no public outcry or too many complaints from disgruntled speculators, the law contents itself with an occasional raid.

In the past few months, however, the bookmakers have been very much before the benches. Usually they are fined, the amounts varying according to the number of previous convictions and the extent of the bookmakers' operations. And the general opinion seems to be that the bookmakers are quite content to pay these fines, and regard them as a form of tax or license which enables them to continue with a highly profitable business.

Bookmakers in Court.

Now and then, however, a bookmaker receives a gaol sentence. One in the South Island was recently given twelve months' hard labour. The police case showed that this man had two telephones, an addressograph machine and a wireless set in his office. He had a clientele numbering 570, and in six months had paid out in bets nearly £20,000. In this case the judge said: "Whether the law is wise or unwise in making bookmaking unlawful is not for the jury's consideration. It is irrelevant whether gambling is proper or improper."

The jury added this rider: "This jury considers the present law regarding bookmakers should be amended." Here is an indication that many people consider that bookmaking should be conducted openly and bookmakers licensed.

Later on there was a petition, signed by 4,135 persons, protesting that the sentence of twelve months' hard labour was harsh and excessive.

Then there has been the request, in the House of Parliament, that a Royal Commission should be set up to enquire into and overhaul the gaming laws.

The whole point is that the majority of people like to gamble in a small way. Some are content to toss now and then for lunch. Some like to have a pound or two on the horses. Others like to try their luck at pakapoo, and thousands spend half-crowns on art union tickets. The latter, provided they choose the official art union conducted by the Government, are within the law. Those who lay their racing bets at the totalisator are equally guiltless. But those who take a Tattersall's ticket or bet with the bookmaker are not.

Undoubtedly, nearly everyone who gambles would prefer to do it through legitimate channels, but it appears that New Zealand has not enough of these. So why not amend the Gaming Laws? Whatever happens, people will continue to gamble. I'll bet on that!

EVE'S FIG-LEAVES

For mankind the primary and essential question is: "What shall we eat and what shall we drink?" but for womankind it is generally "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

—Sir James Crichton-Browne.

* * * *

All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress.—Lin Yutang.

A Short Story

The White Donkey

A Memory of the Greek Campaign

By H. V. GOODSIR

They buried him that night under the firs at Atlanta. As the Padre repeated the rites, Les reflected that this was a fitting place for his cobber to lie. Les couldn't be sorry; it was better that things should have ended thus for Vance.

Vance, tall, fair and lanky, a typical Kiwi except that he had been the dreamer, the idealist of the unit. He hadn't even had a girl-friend until, well, just lately.

The unit had been hidden in the trees at Atlanta for about a week. There, Vance had met his dream woman.

He met her on the road, riding a white donkey. All women of Greece are lovely, but Diana, to Vance, was the most beautiful of all. Tall and lissome, pale golden hair arranged in a plaited halo round her head, her deep blue eyes spoke not of peasant stock but of some other proud lineage.

"Kalimera," ventured Vance. A shy "Kalimera" was his answer.

The white donkey nibbled the roadside grass. Diana dismounted with youthful grace. Everything about her was graceful. As she led the beast along, bashfully she conversed with an enchanted Vance in quaint but understandable English.

That first morning he was in a dream. Would she come again in the afternoon as she had promised? Eagerly he scanned the road and at last saw the white donkey approaching from the side road which marked the boundary of the unit.

They walked, those two, up and around the roads, bound together by ties that are as universal as life. Race or creed mattered not to them; nature seemed to have planned each for the other.

The days passed and Diana and her donkey became well known to all the boys, yet she had eyes only for Vance. Together they pledged their vows. After the war Vance would return for his woman, his Diana.

Time was running short, the boys were gallantly holding on near Lamia, but Vance knew and Diana knew too that their days together were few. Neither spoke of it, but as each looked in the other's eyes they read the dread message of parting, perhaps for years.

Yet each knew too that the other would remain faithful.

Then came the Hun, roaring and diving over the roads. The trees screened the trucks, all care was taken to camouflage the position of the unit. Still Diana rode many times daily to keep their tryst.

Vance woke early to the roar of planes patrolling and straffing odd trucks on the road.

"God! let nothing happen to Diana, she's too young, too beautiful, too pure to be despoiled by the Hun." So ran his thoughts as he prepared to meet his dream girl, perhaps for the last time.

Sedately down the road trotted the donkey. Together the lovers walked along the boundary, preceded as ever by the faithful beast, hearts too full of bitter-sweet emotions for words.

Of a sudden a roar as a Messerschmitt rounded the hill, spraying the road with laughing death.

A gasp, that was all, as Vance fell at the feet of his tragic Diana. The boys led her away; she did not weep, it was too sudden. As she rode away the lads mentally bared their heads to a gallant girl.

Not long could they wonder at the tragedy enacted before their eyes. Soon came the bombers.

The sheltered unit was bombed and strafed incessantly. Trucks caught fire, further revealing the presence of almost defenceless men. Bren guns chattered, casualties were high and nerves tensed to breaking point.

At last came darkness, the sheltering canopy of night. Trucks still smouldered, men grouped together recounting the casualties—beginning with Vance.

In the darkness a staff car rolled to a halt by the O.C.'s truck. Out stepped an officer.

It was the Intelligence Officer from headquarters. Crisply he spoke, every word was heard by the men. "Move before dawn. Fifth Columnists have betrayed our positions to enemy aircraft. Arrest all persons riding white horses or donkeys around unit areas."

UNCLE SAM—ECONOMIC GIANT

"Creditors are never loved, and the United States will be the world's chief creditor and the mightiest economic influence in the world from now on. The United States may be, from now on, the friend of all the world like Kipling's Kim, or the reverse, according to the economic policies the people of the Republic adopt after the war."

That statement was made in a recent speech by Dr. G. L. Wood, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at Melbourne University. He went on to give these impressive figures.

The United States, which represents six per cent. of the world's population and about seven per cent. of its land area, will have at its command at the close of the war the following approximate percentages of the world's supply of the instruments of national power:—

- 80 per cent. of the gold.
- 60 per cent. of the silver.
- 60 per cent. of the war industries.
- 60 per cent. of the peace industries.
- 65 per cent. of the naval units.
- 70 per cent. of the merchant marine.
- 75 per cent. of the transport and commercial planes.
- 60 per cent. of the fighting and bombing planes.

AN AIRMAN'S DAY

(By a New Zealand flying officer, written from what he calls a "God-forsaken 'bushed' Air Force Station" in England.)

Here I am on "stand-by" with nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to drink, and nearly nothing to write about!

I'm going to take you into my confidence and explain the daily routine—but remember our flights are long and arduous—even dangerous!—and that there is more to the life of a navigator than the following schedule. Here it is:

05.30.—The time and date is softly tannoyed. Nobody hears it so slumber is not disturbed.

07.30.—Batwoman brings hot water, withdraws blackout and collects shoes to be cleaned.

07.40.—Returns with shoes and politely informs officer it is time to arise for the parade.

07.50.—Working parade for all airwomen, airmen, n.c.o.'s and officers. (The C.O. doesn't attend so the F/Lts. don't show up. Therefore the F/O's and the P/O's figure that lets them out, and because no other aircrew attend the n.c.o.'s stay in bed. Of course the "dicip." must have his parade so the "erks" are bullied into it.)

08.10.—P.T. Flights are marched from the parade to the drill hall. Seeing we are not on parade we are not marched away.

08.15.—Arise, wash, dress, and smartly dash to breakfast with an egg firmly grasped in the right hand. E.T.A. is 08.29. B.D.S.T. and A.T.A. must never exceed 08.30 B.D.S.T. After breakfast relaxation is necessary to recover from the 100 yards dash to the dining hall.

10.00.—All "Bods" gather in the "gm" room for morning tea and to gossip over the events of the previous night.

10.30 to 11.30.—The busiest period of the day. A lecture on any new "gm" or a revision on old work.

11.30.—Stalk the Y.M.C.A. man for a cup of tea.

11.45-12.30.—Relax.

12.30-14.00.—Lunch.

14.00-16.30.—Relax, study, go egg-hunting or play sport. Soccer twice a week, hockey once, occasionally squash or badminton. Quite often work interferes with this period. Compass swings, drift instrument aligning, and such jobs have a bad habit of cropping up.

16.30.—Tea in the dining room—usually bread, margarine, and jam, and occasionally my Adams Bruce cake.

17.00.—Day's work completed so shower and change from "Bottle-Dress" to best Blues.

18.00.—Bar opens.

19.30.—Dinner.

20.00.—Twice-weekly movies in the airmen's mess. An E.N.S.A. show about once a fortnight. On such nights bar closes and therefore everyone attends.

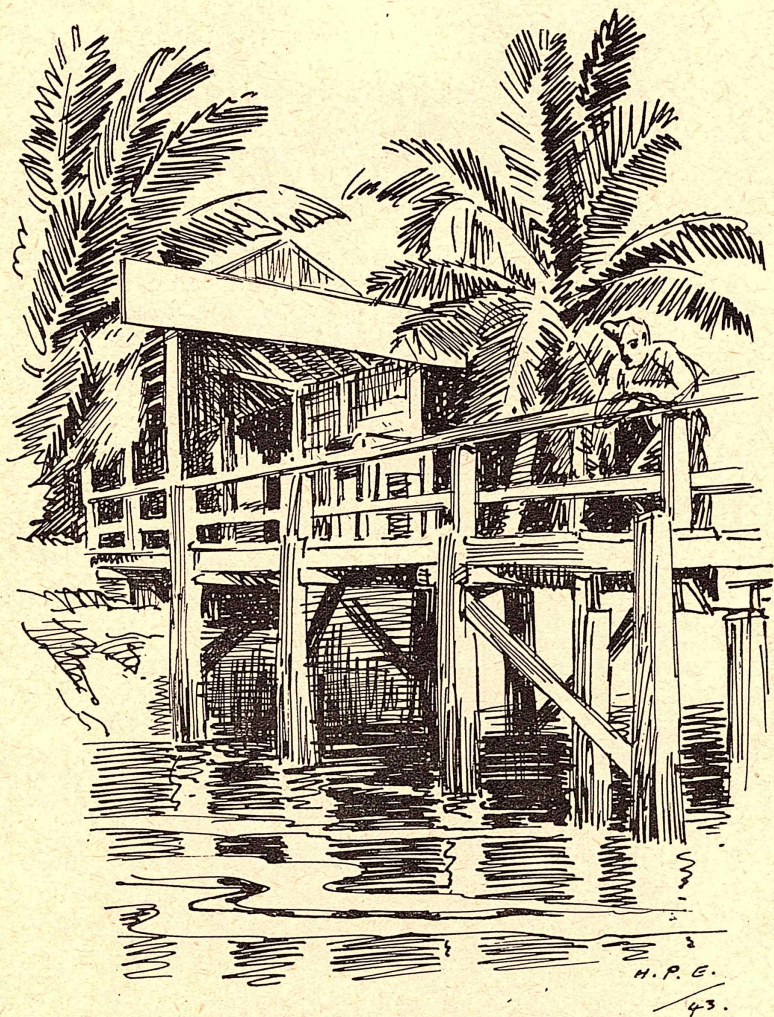
22.00.—Movie over and bar re-opens. Sandwiches are produced and quickly disappear.

23.00.—Bar closes, and one-and-all retire to bed.

—R.D.

Leaves from a New Zealand Airman's Sketch Book - - 2.

*This series of drawings by Warrant Officer
Henry P. Edwards, of Wellington, began in our last issue.*



ENTRANCE TO PARADISE BEACH,
NASSAU, BAHAMAS



A SKETCH AT NASSAU, BAHAMAS

HE HAS ASKED 3,000 QUESTIONS

A Talk with Maurice Hawken, Master of Quiz

By VINCENT MORGAN

Wellingtonians who have tried out their knowledge, wits and fortune in the various quiz sessions which have for several years been a feature of commercial radio programmes are apt to blink and pinch themselves when they walk into a certain shop in the city. For there, behind the counter, waiting to serve them, is a slim, neat man with the pleasant face, the attractive speech, the ready quip of New Zealand's best-known radio compere. The perplexed shopper last met him in the studio of 2ZB, posing innocent questions that would baffle a brains trust. Yes, it is Maurice Hawken himself.

It is typical of his versatility that this top-ranking entertainer, whose every broadcast brings him a bunch of fan-mail from listeners in all parts of the Dominion, should be working in a job so different from the work that has made him known so widely. Actor, journalist, band-master, salesman—he has held down a variety of jobs. Not that he is a jack of all trades. Thoroughness seems to characterise everything he does. One would need to be thorough to be a radio personality of his calibre in one's spare time, on top of a day's work.

Not very long after leaving school Hawken went to the Wairarapa, to take a job as reporter on the "Wairarapa Age," and for three years he chronicled local history. He made the most of a reporter's erratic hours, for he found time to conduct a dance-band, to teach elocution during the day (his work was largely at night), and to compere occasional stage shows. He represented Wairarapa at hockey, and achieved an unusual "double" soon after moving to Wellington by gaining provincial honours in soccer.

His Voice Was His Fortune

By this time he was clear in his own mind that his bent was toward the audience rather than the reader; that he could talk better than he could write. From the time he began to make stage appearances at the age of seven, in Competitions first at Wellington, then at Masterton, Napier, Christchurch and elsewhere, he had been at home on the stage. After leaving school he studied elocution for three years under Madame Clinton-Hunt, tuition which he considers has paid him golden dividends since. Not only in Masterton, but in Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin he compered stage shows from time to time. In Wellington he was an active member of the Thespian Society for several years. But, apart from occasional parts in some early radio plays produced by Station 2YD in the days when radio was still pioneering its way,

he had seldom been before the microphone until in 1939 he joined the full-time staff of 2ZB as an announcer.

His career to that time was neither as disjointed, nor as unrelated to his coming success as a quizmaster, as this skeleton biography might suggest. Through a number of years he had tested himself, had schooled and developed his talent, had proved his abilities and gained invaluable confidence in approaching and working with all sorts of people. Small wonder that from his varied experiences he stepped naturally into the role of conductor of quiz sessions, never at a loss for a word, never failing to link the most tongue-tied and the most loquacious competitors into a programme which "goes over" to the listener.

First of the quiz programmes with which he was associated was "Information Please." It is nearly five years since, soon after its inception, he became associated with "Give It a Name Jackpots," which is still going strong. Later came a "Movie Quiz," and now the vogue is for a teams quiz in which teams from business houses, government departments, clubs and other groups vie with each other to score best in the weekly interrogation.

Behind the Quiz Sessions

The work of the quiz compere neither starts nor ends with the session before the "mike." Maurice Hawken prepares all his own questions, and he estimates that he has asked more than 3,000 questions of competitors since the inception of "Give It a Name Jackpots." The backbone of his library is formed from four sets of volumes of biography, but as he has to be absolutely sure of his facts and dates in dealing with personalities celebrated or obscure, he frequently has to check facts with sources in the Public Library or the Turnbull Library.

I did not need to ask him to know that Maurice Hawken is a family man. In the shop where I found him (he has reverted to a free-lance basis for radio work) there are some toys, and the eagerness and interest with which he demonstrated their "works" to a youngster who came in was something no non-parent could rehearse. He has two girls and a boy. The two daughters have played and sung in 2YA children's sessions. But none of them, nor his wife, have ever been to the studio to watch him carry through a quiz session. Sometimes they listen at home, but, as Mr. Hawken said with a smile, their greatest pleasure is to be able to turn him off by a flick of the switch.

His sternest critic is his own mother, who lives in Wellington. She listens in regularly to his programmes, and if she thinks they fall below standard her son very soon hears of it. Incidentally, talent is widespread in the family. Mrs. Hawken senior is still an active writer of stories and poems which, under the pen-name of May King, appear in various Australian and New Zealand journals. The compere's wife was well known in musical shows before her marriage, when as a vocalist she delighted various New Zealand audiences before which she appeared.

Tennis and athletics are the recreations which, in his spare time, still claim the attention of this vital personality—this competent, knowledgable, confident, but essentially modest young man of thirty-nine whom you may think of next time you get up from your radio as you hear a voice say, "this is Maurice Hawken saying 'cheerio, everyone.'"

The Truth about Happiness

By C. E. M. JOAD

Let me begin with a confession. Work is the only kind of occupation that I can stand, or ever could, in any but the smallest doses. The prospect of unlimited leisure, of being thrown helpless upon my own poor resources to keep myself entertained for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, has always appalled me. Hence, I agree with Shaw that the best definition of Hell is a perpetual holiday, and conclude that the best recipe for happiness is not to have enough leisure to wonder whether you are miserable or not.

* * * *

Set out to seek happiness and it will elude you; throw yourself body and soul into your work, devote yourself to some cause, lift yourself out of the selfish pit of vanity and desire, which is the self, by giving yourself to something which is greater than the self, and, on looking back, you will find that you have been happy.

And here we come back to the point from which we set out. Exacting, useful occupation which is nevertheless held to be worthwhile is the best recipe for happiness, useful occupation which is worth while, and, may I add—I hope that the addition will not set my readers against me on the score of preaching—occupation in the service of others. The happiest men have been not those who have taken most, but those who have given most. So let us spice our recipe with the resolve to leave the world a little better than we found it, a resolve that can only be fulfilled by a willingness to give some part of our time and energy to work that does not directly conduce to our own personal pleasure or advantage.

And here once again the truth that happiness comes by an indirect route reveals itself. For what is not designed to conduce directly to our immediate pleasure will be found to have contributed most to the pleasure of our life as a whole.

—C. E. M. JOAD, *the famous English philosopher.*

"I made a delicious stew out of an old-fashioned cookery book," says a correspondent in a woman's paper. The secret is to simmer gently until the covers are quite tender.

A Sketch of City Life—

Tom, Dick, and Harry —and the Girl

By T. MILNE



They all lived in one of those all-equipped, self-contained, miniature settlement buildings in the city known as flats.

She was from a country town, but was no country cousin; yet after months in residence there was in her still a sense of loneliness. Not homesick—for her migration to the city was a desired and considered decision.

They all lived on the same floor. Her quarters—one fairly commodious room, with kitchenette—were opposite their four-roomed quarters, the door bearing a plate on which was neatly painted:

THE TRIUMVIR TOM — DICK — HARRY

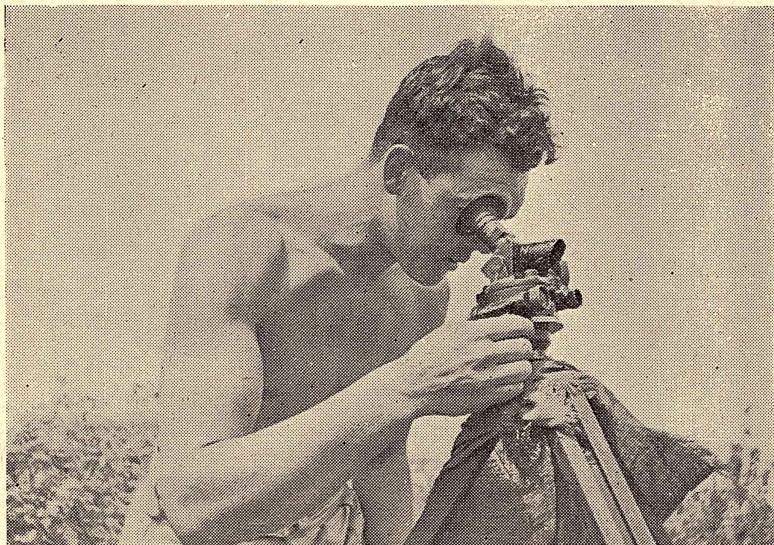
These three were good pals, much of an age (well under 30'ish), had so much in common that the friendship formed while at the College had been maintained, culminating into living-in together. They drew the line at dining together, even should they find themselves at the same eating house on occasion.

Tom went into journalism, developed the so-called Nosey Parker qualities and made a reputation as a human corkscrew. As his Chief said: "If a man or a woman has a news par, Tom'll get it out." And that Chief's axiom was: "Every man is worth a par." Tom had a deep regard for humans. That is why he knew them so well.

Dick went into the Civil Service, was lucky enough to get appointed to a department where every prospect was pleasing and so walked gaily along Easy Street; albeit, talented and ambitious.

Harry found his future in a warehouse. He was worldly-wise; he had gumption. He aimed at becoming the owner of a warehouse and to this end was keen on gaining experience. To back this up, he had studied Economics at Victoria College. He was laying his foundations in Wellington because, as he put it, "This is the City of Opportunities, plus Influence. Whereas the Americans, like the Chinese, worship the great god Graft, Wellingtonians are devotees of the gentle goddess of Influence!"

Dick and Harry moved around quite actively. They played cricket and football in season and were keen wielders of the blade in the Star



WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

N.Z. Artilleryman using a gun director on Italian front.

Boating Club. Cards aplenty from the Best People came their way—and they (the cards) seldom went into the discard.

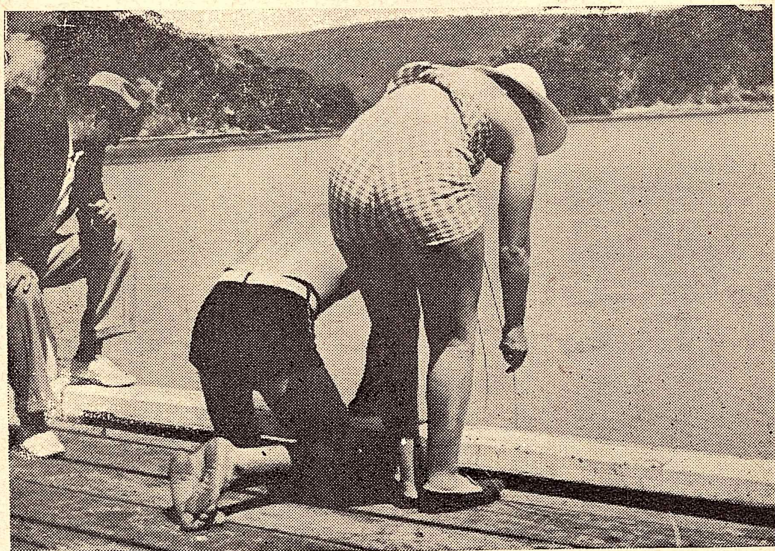
Two of the Triumvir had not noticed the Girl across the corridor. It was Tom, the Altruist, who did a great deal of his work in the flat on his typewriter, who took more than a second look at her and noticed that, for a girl of her appearance, she was at home o' nights far, far too much. This observation came from seeing the light from her flat.

Who was she, what was her vocation, and why was she hermit-like? Such questions are easily answered for and by a reporter. She held a fairly good position in a lawyer's office; she did not make friends easily and she was one of the city's lonely souls. He had a deep sympathy for Lonely Souls. He knew the lawyer for whom she worked, so he fraternised with him at the office several times to yarn about cases before the Court. Then, on one of such casual-like calls, she came into her chief's room—and so Tom got the introduction he had been seeking. More calls at the office and some brief chats with the Girl, who warmed under his friendliness. When they met in the lift ascending or descending in their populous domicile, the friendship grew.

One evening as they were getting out of the lift, he asked: "Are you fond of opera?"

"Very!" she replied.

"Well, look: as you know, I'm a newspaper man. Tomorrow night



"I'VE GOT A BITE "
Holiday Scene, Bay of Islands

.....

I'm doing the opera notice for my paper. I have two seats—will you come with me and be company in the other seat?"

"It will be delightful to go with you—thank you, very much."

Going home after the show, which she had thoroughly enjoyed, he said: "There's always a tag to a reporter's enjoyment of such a musical treat, for now I have to write a column critique. Say, will you come into our flat and have a spot of supper before I turn you out to get on with my job?"

"What about your coming into my flat? As a matter of fact, I hoped you would so favour me—and supper is already three-parts prepared."

A very friendly soul. Tom accepted and enjoyed the dainty well-prepared meal.

"Thank you very much," he said, presently; "and now I must get at my machine."

"What typewriter do you use?" she asked and on his reply exclaimed: "Why, that's the model we use at the office. Let me come in and help you. Can you dictate? You can! Then you say your piece and I'll type according to your speed."

It was not only so, but he found that she had musical sense, so that she co-opted in the critique.

Just as the joint job was being completed, in came Dick and Harry. Introductions followed; from that hour the Girl ceased to be a lonely soul and Tom reckoned he had done his Boy Scout deed for yet another human.

Your Daily MILK

SHOULD PASTEURIZATION BE COMPULSORY ?

By "RATANUI"

During the past few months the subject of Milk has frequently been brought to the attention of the public, and many people are concerned about the quality of the milk they consume.

The question ultimately resolves itself into this: Which is the most desirable—raw milk or pasteurized milk?

Public interest has been stimulated by the introduction into Parliament of a Milk Control Bill, and the subsequent discussion which took place in the House of Representatives.

The purpose of the Bill is to provide for the regulation and control of the distribution and an adequate supply of the best quality milk at a reasonable price in metropolitan and other areas.

The Bill was examined by a Select Committee of the House, which heard evidence from interested parties. The amendments that were inserted included provision for the setting up of a central council, whose functions will include research and investigation.

The municipal system of milk supply and distribution in Wellington, which has received the commendation of members of both sides of the House, is not affected by the Bill.

Trend Towards Pasteurization

It seems likely that the result of the Milk Bill will be a vast extension of pasteurization. Not the least popular aspect of Wellington's municipal milk supply is the fact that the milk is pasteurized and bottled. The Health Department is regularly advocating the use of pasteurized milk as the only safe milk.

Few people realise the extent to which pasteurization of milk has been accepted throughout the world. In a recently-published authoritative book on the subject—"The Pasteurization of Milk," by G. S. Wilson, M.D., F.R.C.P., D.P.H.—it is stated that although the methods of milk production in the United States are among the finest in the world, about 95 per cent. of the population in cities of 500,000 and over are supplied with pasteurized milk. About 73 per cent. of the population of 2,277 municipalities of 1,000 inhabitants or over, for which data was recently available, are supplied with pasteurized milk. In some communities pasteurization is compulsory for all market milk.

In Canada, 90 per cent. of the population in 1938 was supplied with pasteurized milk. Pasteurization became compulsory for the whole province of Ontario in June, 1939.

Compulsory pasteurization came into force for the whole of Sweden in July, 1939.

Professor Wilson rightly says in his preface: "Unfortunately pasteurization is a subject on which many persons find it difficult to form an unbiassed judgment. It is not infrequently regarded with such intense prejudice that no reasoned statement of the evidence is listened to, much less given adequate consideration."

Much of the current prejudice, he goes on to say, is due to lack of education and to false propaganda. Many of those who distrust or oppose pasteurization have only a partial knowledge of the process, which they may dislike, but few of them are thoroughly acquainted with all the relevant facts, on which alone a rational opinion of its merits and demerits can be based. No careful reader of the chapters about the diseases of cattle, and the extent of the infection of raw milk between the cow and the consumer, can have any doubt about the need for pasteurization in order to safeguard public health.

Conditions of Milk Production

It may be said that pure milk from healthy cows is preferable to pasteurized milk. Undoubtedly so. On some dairy farms there is a specially selected and cared-for animal that is called "the house cow." Its milk is taken virtually direct from the cow to the kitchen. Such milk may be relatively pure, clean, and wholesome.

But the milk from a herd of cows—some healthy but many suffering from diseases of one sort and another; produced hurriedly and often under conditions far from ideal; the cows and the pails and the pans handled by people who may or may not be scrupulously clean; the milk handled again and again en route to the customers' bottles or billies—such is the daily routine in the supply of raw milk to a large proportion of the population of our towns and cities.

These conditions are undoubtedly responsible for milk-borne diseases amongst consumers of raw milk. Wilson declares that "raw milk is probably the most dangerous article in our dietary," for it is capable of being infected with pathogenic organisms derived from cattle, from human beings, from water and from rodents.

New Zealand Health Department records show that in a small country town 26 people caught typhoid fever and four died. All cases were traced to one infected source of raw milk. Part of that supply went to the city, where it was pasteurized. No typhoid cases occurred in the city.

In another town 10 cases of scarlet fever were traced to one milk round. One of the milk handlers had the germ in his throat. He was suspended and that milk supply was then pasteurized. There were no further cases.

Germs in the cow's udder can pass on tuberculosis, undulant fever, septic sore throat. Infected fingers of milkers or roundsmen can and

do infect milk with typhoid fever, food poisoning, summer diarrhoea and dysentery. From milker or roundsman scarlet fever and diphtheria germs can get into milk.

Improve the Herds!

During a discussion in the House of Representatives, Mr. W. A. Bodkin said that a proposal made by the Christchurch City Council was worthy of consideration—the elimination of tubercular cows.

Every member of the committee would have been delighted to give effect to the proposal, but it opened up a big question and the committee came to the conclusion it was not possible to make proposals to meet the position. One great difficulty to overcome would be the price to be paid to the dairy farmer.

The question of eliminating tubercular cows from New Zealand herds has been discussed again and again for many years, and it is strange that so little has been done to overcome the menace. The average consumer has good reason to wonder why the dairy industry or the Government has not decided long ago that dairy herds should be as free from disease as possible—whatever the trouble and cost.

Even if the eradication of disease from cattle could be successfully undertaken, however, the resulting milk would still be exposed to infection during handling, from water, and other causes.

Pasteurization is the best-known method of destroying all pathogenic organisms in milk, and, says Professor Wilson, "this process alone affords a means of supplying the public with safe milk at a reasonable cost."

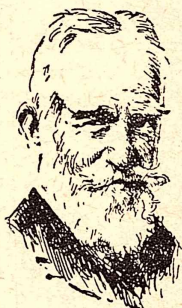
"Pasteurization is of such importance to the medical profession," declares Professor Wilson, "in its endeavour to prevent unnecessary disease that it has been discussed and approved of by nearly all the important representative bodies concerned with it. Thus resolutions in its favour have now been passed by the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the B.M.A., the Society of Medical Officers of Health, and the Joint Tuberculosis Council."

It is not maintained, however, that there is complete unanimity on the subject. But "there is probably more unanimity in the medical profession on the desirability of pasteurization than on any other important problem with which it is at present concerned."

Professor Wilson's studies lead him to state emphatically that pasteurization has no significant effect in lowering the total nutritive value of the milk for the growing animal; and there is no definite evidence to support the objection that children and invalids thrive better on raw milk.

His conclusion is that a great deal of unnecessary disease is being caused by milk, and that practically all of this could be avoided by the introduction of compulsory pasteurization into urban areas. To refuse to act on the available knowledge, to allow the continuation of an unnecessary amount of suffering, invalidity, and death, "can no longer be excused on the plea of ignorance except by those who, through natural or acquired defect, are too blind to see or too dense to understand."

Sense and Nonsense about Politics



A Review of Bernard Shaw's New Book

Editor's Note.—Bernard Shaw's new book, "Everybody's Political What's What," has been a best-seller in England in recent months. We print below an outstanding review of it by A. L. Rowse, the brilliant young English historian, which appeared in the London "Sunday Times."

Shaw spent a good deal of the last war on a monstrous abortive effort called "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," designed to persuade us that the cure for the ills of society was equality of income. He would have done better to have given us more plays and dialogues. Now at the age of eighty-eight he gives us the result of his reflections during this war, an A B C of Politics. No doubt one is needed. Shaw is quite right that our troubles are largely due to ignorance and stupidity, rather than to any indelible depravity in human nature. *That* is nonsense. The trouble with human beings is not that our first parents ate of the Tree of Knowledge, but that they did not eat enough of it.

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So far I agree with Shaw. But does he give us in his new book a satisfactory Guide to Politics? I do not think so. It would need to be altogether more systematic for one thing. It is no use in a treatise saying something and then saying its opposite. That no doubt is the right method for the theatre; and the bright little skit about Sunderland, William III and the party system, which is the best thing in the book, makes one regret that he did not say what he has to say in a series of dialogues. In a treatise we need to have opposing arguments reconciled and the truth systematically brought out. One paragraph of Aristotle's "Politics," written some 2,400 years ago, is worth all Mr. Shaw's book and is a good deal more up to date.

On some points Shaw has gone back and learnt something compared with the Intelligent Woman—on the subject of equality of income, for instance, on which he now lays less emphasis. But he continues to pay lip-service to the old doctrines of the Left in favour of egalitarian society and the view that capitalism is the cause of war.

I know that it is extremely unfashionable to call the contemporary myth about equality in question. But is inequality in a society

necessarily a bad thing? I should say it depends on whether the inequalities are properly related to function; if they are, then the society may be a very satisfactory one, harmonious, articulated, varied and creative. Look at Elizabethan society, or for that matter Victorian: both very unequal, and yet vastly more creative in every way than many more egalitarian communities. It certainly does seem that the higher achievements of culture, in thought, science, art, depend upon inequality and variety in society. Look at the contrast Russian literature affords us: in the bad old days they gave us Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky; now they give us literature more on the level of the masses, like Gladkov's "Cement." The odd thing is that Shaw sees this very well in the realm of art and literature; but he has not drawn the necessary deduction in the sphere of politics and economics.

* * * *

Or take his attack on the party system and Parliament, the working of which he has never understood, or tried to understand. "Contrast what it has done with what an efficient and entirely public spirited Government might and should have done during the two centuries of its deplorable existence, or with what the Russian Soviet Government has done in twenty years, and all our Whig Macaulayism drops dead before the facts." Does it? Mr. Shaw is a great deal deadlier than Macaulay. For what is the fact? Merely that the British party system and a not particularly favourable specimen of its Parliaments have led the country in saving civilisation in the past five years. No conception on Shaw's part of the incalculable services it has rendered the world or how much we have to be grateful to it for. No conception of its inner flexibility, its responsiveness to the country, its sense of responsibility or, for that matter, its efficiency. When, if the truth must be told, it is the most efficient, as well as the most civilised, system of government in the world.

It is only human, and, like all human institutions, has bad patches: I happen to think that the patch in its history from 1918 to 1939 was a bad one. But even so, how much better than the wonder-working totalitarianisms for which Shaw has such a weakness.

I should have thought that a more rewarding end for the mental energies of our intellectuals—one, moreover, which is more subtle and difficult and far more worth doing—is just to *understand* the real inwardness of our institutions, to grasp their working and their spirit. I am all in favour of their being improved; that is why I am so anxious that Parliament should recruit to it as much ability as it can. But a House of Commons of 600 Bernard Shaws, or even of men made in the image of Bernard Shaw, would be worse than useless; it would certainly be incapable of saving the country, which is what even the Parliament of 1935 has in fact done.

* * * *

When Shaw speaks of the war, all that this old and distinguished man of letters has to say to a people who have done very well by him and have borne great sacrifices for five years, for other peoples even more than for themselves, is to describe it as "fundamentally not

merely maniacal but nonsensical." It is too ungenerous; I cannot respect it. It is easy enough to disapprove of war: every sane person does. But this makes nonsense of the sacrifice that many brave men have made of their lives; whereas they did not die in vain. One has only to ask the question, "What sort of a world should we have had if Nazi Germany had been allowed to win?" to know that. That question makes nonsense of Shaw. I cannot but think it very unworthy that that is all the greatest living writer in English has to say to us at such a moment. Nor, after a struggle with myself, can I disguise the fact that I think the book as a guide to politics, valueless; in so far as some people, chiefly abroad, may be misled by its author's great reputation, I think it deleterious.

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The trouble with Shaw is that he has no humility, and no sense of history. Yet how can you write a manual of politics that is not grounded in history; how can you understand what is what—let alone explain to other people what's what—when you do not know how things have become what they are or in what direction they are going?

Since this is a Shaw book there is some sense lying about among the nonsense. It is chiefly to be found in occasional comments, usually of an autobiographical character, which leads me to think that his time would have been better employed in writing what might be a fascinating autobiography.

"LIFE IS LIKE —"

Life is like the playing of a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.—Samuel Butler.

Life is a wrestle with the devil.—J. M. Barrie.

Life is at best but a froward child, which must be coaxed and played with till the end comes.—Sir William Temple.

Life is a shuttle.—"Merry Wives of Windsor."

Our life is but a spark which quickly dies.—Sir John Davies.

The painted veil which those who live call life.—Shelley.

Life is mostly froth and bubble.—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Life is but a Day;

A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way

From a tree's summit.—Keats.

Life's a short summer—man a flower.—Samuel Johnson.

Life's a pudding full of plums. . . .

Let us take it as it comes.—W. S. Gilbert.

Fate's a fiddler, life a dance.—W. E. Henley.

Life, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.—Dr. Johnson.

Life is not to be purchased at any price.—Seneca.

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.—O. Henry.

Life isn't all beer and skittles.—"Tom Brown's Schooldays."

SHARK LIVERS FOR YOUR HEALTH!

**New Zealand Discovers Immense
Vitamin Source
By "FISHERMAN"**

Say sharks to some people and they wince. Say shark liver and they quiver. But from the livers of sharks which infest New Zealand's coastal waters we are now winning, thanks to our scientists, immense resources of Vitamin A and Vitamin D. We already have an exportable surplus of this concentrated health, and it may be an important contribution from New Zealand to the recuperation of Britons and other war-stricken Europeans.

No wartime industry has a more intriguing story behind it than the growth of the shark-oil industry in this country. Before the war, and even after it began—when the countries supplying us could no longer afford depletion of their stocks—we imported substantial quantities of cod liver oil. But today New Zealand's production of shark liver oil, which in terms of Vitamin A is 30 times as rich as the costly cod liver oil we used to import, has reached an annual capacity of about 10,000 gallons, or the Vitamin A equivalent of 300,000 gallons of cod liver oil. Before the war, Newfoundland's annual edible cod liver oil production was only 250,000 gallons.

This amazing achievement of the past three years or so speaks volumes for the enterprise of those engaged in the industrial development of shark liver oil, and also for the small group of key men and women who have carried out the vital research work into the properties of the livers of not only sharks but many other New Zealand fish which also promise rich supplies of edible oils.

Before the war, investigations on the Vitamin A content of fish oils were actually made in New Zealand by Dr. F. B. Shorland, of the Chemistry Section, Department of Agriculture, while Dr. Marion Cunningham, of the Veterinary Laboratory, Wallaceville, and later of Karitane Products Ltd., had made specialised study of Vitamin D content. But the only export of fish oils from the Dominion had been a few small shipments of ling oil sent to London in the 'thirties.

But war gives a fillip to many things, and it caused a hustle in New Zealand's fish oil research. A Fish Oil Committee under the Chief Inspector of Fisheries, Mr. A. E. Hefford, was given the job of collecting information on the quality and quantity of livers available in New Zealand, of ascertaining our nutritional requirements, and of establishing standards for fish oil products.

Although the research which has been carried out shows definitely that medicinal liver oil is to be had in payable quantities from proper, ling, English hake and other fish, industrial development has concen-

trated on the school shark, from which is derived, because of its combination of size and plentitude, much of the liver oil now being prepared in New Zealand.

Maoris Excel at Shark Fishing.

Thus sharks, which until recently were mostly regarded as a fisherman's nightmare, are now eagerly sought in many of New Zealand's coastal waters. In North Auckland there is one boat engaged exclusively on shark fishing, while at other points in the north and in Cook Strait school sharks and other species are being taken in considerable quantities. In the north, around Kaipara and Russell, the school sharks are mostly females, while in Cook Strait males and females are caught in equal numbers. The further south they go, the poorer is their oil yield.

Maori fishermen excel at shark fishing, and to several Maori settlements in the far north shark oil has brought a new source of income. Operating co-operative fishing enterprises, the Maoris net about a shilling a pound for shark liver, which is consigned to the oil-extracting factory in Auckland. A shark of between 40 and 50 pounds yields a liver weighing from three to four pounds, about two-thirds of which is pure oil. At the height of the season, from November to April, more than a hundred gallons a day may be extracted from the livers of sharks taken in our coastal waters.

Incidentally, the demand for shark liver oil has put New Zealand's greatest angling prize, the swordfish, on the spot. The swordfish is rich not only in Vitamin A, but also in Vitamin D, which is found only in moderate quantities in the school shark. The consequence is that the swordfish finds a new price on his head. At Russell and Tauranga, while launches still cater for anglers, owners of boats are now eager for the maximum catch because of the commercial value of the swordfish. It seems certain that if rod and line were forsaken and, as has been suggested, the swordfish were caught by a more efficient method, large additional supplies of vitamins could be had. The flesh of the swordfish is also canned, and as it is easy to fillet, with relatively little bone, about all that is wasted of a good Mayor Island or Bay of Islands swordfish should be the equivalent of the squeal of a pig going through a Chicago meat-works.

Potentialities of Industry.

If, as our scientists believe, we have at our back door possibly the richest source in the world of liver-oil vitamin, what are the potentialities of the industry?

Dr. Muriel Bell, nutritionist to the Health Department, has estimated that because of the high normal consumption of butter in New Zealand, we do not need great supplies of Vitamin A supplements in our diet. But to make good the lack of Vitamin D in our diet she advocates 102,000 gallons of cod liver oil to meet the minimum requirements for children and expectant mothers. To ensure the proper nutrition of the whole population, more than 200,000 gallons of cod liver oil would be needed to satisfy the accepted requirements for

Vitamin D. Before the war we imported 65,000 gallons of cod liver oil yearly.

It is true that the yield of shark liver oil may not be sufficient in itself to meet the optimum requirements of Vitamin D. But artificially prepared Vitamin D is readily added, giving a thorough-going cod liver oil substitute, which has no nauseating flavour. This fortification with Vitamin D can be done cheaply.

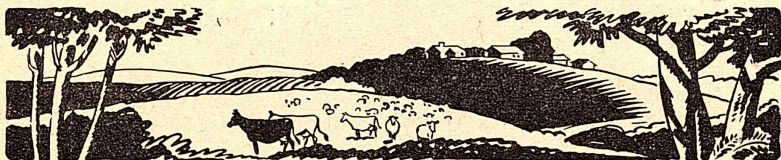
On the other hand, Vitamin A, in which the New Zealand liver oils are extraordinarily rich, cannot yet be prepared artificially. It is likely, therefore, that any surplus shark liver oil New Zealand can offer will be eagerly sought in Europe, where the deficiency in Vitamin A will be immense. That a world shortage of liver oil Vitamin A supplies threatens is indicated by a recent prohibition in the United States, which is now unable to meet her own requirements, restricting the Vitamin A content of any capsule to 5,000 units, instead of 6,000 as formerly.

Eventually it should be possible to supply for local consumption sufficient ling and groper oils (which are rich in both Vitamin A and D), leaving most of our shark oil supplies for export.

Concentrated vitamin supplies derived from our own coastal waters are already on sale in small bottles, and there is no reason why capsules from the same domestic source should not be manufactured. Our export trade in edible liver oils has also begun. Some supplies have been exported to Britain, while it seems likely that UNRRA may turn to New Zealand as one of the few countries today with an exportable surplus of Vitamin A oil. Australia is keen to buy from New Zealand if we can supply her.

A fascinating development of the preparation of liver oils now being investigated in New Zealand is the possibility of molecular distillation of the oil after extraction. This would enable further concentration of the health-giving vitamins while at the same time releasing the oil for valuable industrial uses.

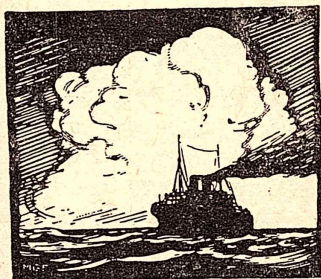
If further development such as molecular distillation, and the utilisation of the liver refuse for fertilisers, fowl food, etc., is to be exploited, scientific guidance will be needed for years to come. The achievement to date is an outstanding example of co-operation between those developing the industry commercially and the Departmental men who have carried out the research work. It is a partnership which obviously should carry on the job for the good of New Zealand as a whole.



The Letter

A SHORT STORY

By G. N. MORRIS



I saw her as I went up the G.P.O. steps and I thought "Hullo, that girl's going to faint." White face under a cock-eyed hat, she was standing at the top of the flight, clutching the brass handrail. A stout woman ahead of me glanced at her, hesitated a moment and then passed on. As I reached her she was swaying slightly and I got a hand under her elbow. "You are ill," I said, "Can I do anything?"

Startled blue eyes searched my face. Then I felt her weight rest a little on my hand.

"No, I am not ill," she said.

"But you can hardly stand. Your face is white. Let me help. Shall I get you a taxi?"

She shook her head and her eyes dropped to the letter in her hand. It was a longish envelope with a red, white and blue edging and it bore a red stamp with an aeroplane on it and a big splodge of postmark.

"No," she repeated, "I am not ill. I have had a shock, that's all."

"Well, come across the road and have a cup of coffee. You are not fit to be left alone and I am in no hurry."

She shook her head again. "I'll be all right presently."

We were being jostled by the passing crowd and I steered her back a pace or two under the lee of one of the big pillars. The colour was coming back to her face—a pretty girl of twenty-four or thereabouts.

"What is it?" I asked. "Talking might help."

She considered me doubtfully.

"I suppose I may as well tell you. It's—it's an American. We met at a dance six months ago and it started right away. I had never met anyone like him. He made me feel I was marvellous, something precious and fragile. He called me 'his Venetian glass girl.' We would go to the pictures and he would whisper that the film stars were just back numbers.

"I had never met anyone like him. He kept bringing me flowers and chocolates and cigarettes and silk stockings. Everywhere we went there was a taxi. One night when we could not get one he saw me home on the last tram and then walked four miles to his camp. I walked on air. I was so proud of him."

She looked up at me. "You see, no New Zealand boy had ever gone to all that trouble over me. They're dull and matter of fact, I think.

Well, it lasted till a month—no, three weeks—ago. Then he had to leave for the islands with hardly time to say good-bye. All this last week I have been coming here every day looking for his letter, and now—it will be no use coming any more.”

The colour was ebbing away from her cheeks.

“He has been—killed?” I said softly, “I’m sorry.”

Her eyes widened.

“Killed? No. This letter is his. Oh, no.”

She held up the envelope.

“I was expecting six or seven pages and what I got was five lines. He says—he says he has a wife and child back in the States. I have just filled a gap for him. I was so proud, and it was all—a line of talk.”

Suddenly her laugh shrilled out, so that a dozen people turned to look.

“Can you beat it?” she gasped, “he says—he says ‘Thanks for the swell time.’”

The Abundant Life

The joy of living, the growth of character, the development of intellect, and the material rewards, which we vaguely group together as “The Abundant Life,” are found only along the rough road of endeavour.

An Abundant Life is a life of active toil and effort. The activity may be mental or it may be physical. To be perfect it should be both. No mental or material wealth can be stored up if ease is preferable to effort.

It required the brilliant mind of Tennyson to put in “Ulysses” the brave philosophy of a busy life.

I am a part of all that I have met. . . .

How dull it is to pause . . .

To rust unburnish’d, not to shine in use!

The problems of life are always new, but their solution is arrived at by the exercise of qualities as old as time.

Active work and responsibility bring on experience. Experience unites with knowledge. Time brings reward. All of these collectively are “The Abundant Life.” Man becomes a part of all he meets. If he meets nothing he becomes nothing.

What is more soul-satisfying than an abundant life earned by work? What knowledge is more basic than knowledge wrung from bitter experience? What character is finer than that developed humbly out of disaster and triumph in active everyday life?

Hard work and high intelligence are still the basis of a prosperous country. No law can be devised which will kill individual enterprise without killing all enterprise.

Putting New Life Into N.Z. Education

A School - Teacher's Suggestions

By D. W. CROWLEY

What is wrong with education in New Zealand?

All sorts of things. There are a good many people in the country with complaints to make. Sometimes they make them, but they never seem to see any results. And that is just another symptom of the main fault—the father and mother of most of the other faults—that the education system is much too highly centralised.

The most distressing thing about education in New Zealand is the lack of public interest. Up till the time of the last war people did take an interest in educational affairs, and the papers gave a large amount of space to them. Now they are rarely mentioned. The headmaster of an intermediate school with about five hundred pupils recently called a meeting of parents to discuss the work that was being done with the children. Only a handful attended. Only in the rural districts do the affairs of the school arouse much interest, and even then the actual schooling is hardly discussed. It is regarded as the affair of the school-teacher, who is only a cog in the departmental machine.

Much of this apathy is due to lack of publicity. The New Zealand Educational Institute has made an attempt to remedy this by a series of good broadcasts over the commercial radio stations. But this is not enough. The broadcasts are finished now, and already have been forgotten. People do not remember and discuss what they hear over the air nearly as much as what they read. What is needed now is a flood of articles on educational ideas and practice, to drive home the broadcasts and to arouse a more lasting interest. These subjects are not the concern of teachers alone, and teachers too would study them much more adequately than they do now, if stimulated by public interest.

All the publicity in the world, however, would not remove the main cause of apathy. People ARE interested—very interested—in how their children are educated, even if they do not get the opportunity to learn much of modern educational methods. But they feel that they can do little about it. Prior to the last war, the intense interest in the schools was due mainly to the power of school committee and education boards, which were important and responsible bodies. Each community had a strong interest in the schools in its midst because it had a large share in the control of those schools. School committees now do little more than supervise the charwoman, and education boards have little control over matters of educational policy or even administration. The Education Department is all-powerful, and makes

all the important decisions. The individual parent is so small that he sees no need for an interest in education—what possible difference can it make?

To make the situation even worse, education is a prime example of the growth of legislation by Orders-in-Council. The Department has frequently made sweeping changes in the education system without a word being uttered about them in Parliament. As far as education is concerned, New Zealand is little better than a dictatorship, with the Director and the Minister as the dictators.

From Provincialism to Dictatorship.

Before 1870, education in New Zealand was controlled entirely by the provinces, and many evils resulted. The richer provinces had too great an advantage over the poorer, making the standard of education very uneven throughout the country. In 1870 an Education Act was passed, establishing a national system on a basis of local control. In the form in which it was passed, the Act was meant to even up expenditure and to bring the poorer provinces to equality with the rest; the supreme control was to go to the school committees. These, however, soon proved unsuitable. In a few years the bulk of their powers had passed into the hands of the boards, with the notable exception that the committees continued to appoint their teachers. This meant that the prospective teacher often had to go cap-in-hand to all the members of the committee. He was usually given his position only when his religious and political beliefs were satisfactory, and a wife who could play the organ at the local church was a trump card.

This degrading state of affairs was finally remedied in 1920, when the national grading system was at last fully established. School committees lost all real importance, as appointments became largely automatic. An Education Amendment Act passed the previous year gave to the Department, in a scarcely-noticed minor clause, the right to make regulations by Order-in-Council. Though it was hardly realised at the time, these two steps, in successive years, meant that the Department had at last won clear supremacy within the system.

At first, just after the 1870 Act was passed, the Department had been so weak that it could not do even the administration that had been allotted to it. It had been given increased power to this end, and over the years since then had strengthened its position step by step, till it had now won all the weapons to dominate the system. By 1927, it had made use of them to the extent that it could propose the complete abolition of the boards, on the ground that they were an unnecessary extravagance. The struggle over this issue lasted for the next five years, the boards saving themselves only by the prestige of their members. They survived, but have not been able to improve their position. The Department still has the power to alter the system whenever it pleases—to its own advantage.

An educational system must have freedom and flexibility if it is to have life. The only way to get rid of the rigidity of our present system is to establish decentralised control, and this is also the only way to arouse a public interest in education.

Decentralisation is Possible.

Many of the opponents of decentralisation point to the evils of the old days, and say that the present system, with all its defects, is much better. Quite so, but a return to decentralisation need not mean a return to the old system.

What I mean by decentralisation is a system where the present Director of Education in Wellington is replaced by a separate Director in each education district. The Education Board in each district would have almost complete control over purely educational affairs, and would probably have its own inspectors. (The annual inspectors' conference before the inspectorate was brought under departmental control in 1914 was probably the most stimulating event in the educational year.)

The Department would be divided into two sections, one acting in a largely advisory capacity as a clearing-house for information, the other a purely administrative section handling the finance. The Department would handle the great part of the administrative work with clearly defined powers, while the separate boards would direct educational policy within their areas. They would be elected like any other local body, and compelled to co-opt experts for their committees. Uniform standards throughout the country would be ensured by the new School Certificate and University Entrance accrediting system, administered by Departmental inspectors.

The main defect of most decentralised education systems, such as those of the United States and England, is the disparity in wealth between the various districts. But these disparities are seen only where the district boards have to pay for their school system out of their own revenue as local bodies. In both of these countries, the money for schooling is raised by means of an education rate, the striking of which becomes a contentious point in local politics, with the schools usually the sufferers. There is nothing inevitable, however, about this arrangement. There is no reason why the maxim that "who pays the piper calls the tune" should apply in this case. In other words, there is no valid reason, apart from a desire to hold to a non-applicable tradition, why the money for the working of the separate education systems should not all come from the central government in Wellington, distributed in some equitable manner. The central authority can be trusted to keep a check on the money that is spent.

Another objection is that an education board, being re-elected every two years or so, would not be a stable enough body to control such a field as education. There are many constitutional devices by which this can be overcome, one being the retiring of only half the board at each election.

Some opponents state that decentralisation would mean increased and excessive administrative costs. Economy is not the only virtue of an education system, but, because the administrative costs per head are higher in this country than in any other similar-sized system in the world, this argument must be met. It was one that was advanced as a

justification for the complete abolition of the Boards. Close study of the figures, however, reveals the fact that the extra expense at present is caused mainly by the existence of three separate systems—primary, secondary and technical—where one would suffice. A decentralised system in which all these branches of education were united in each district under the one education board would not increase expenditure and the co-ordination of these three systems is an urgent educational necessity too.

There is no reason why those branches of the educational service which operate best on a Dominion-wide scale should not continue to be Dominion-wide. They are all incidentals that are little affected by the mainstream of educational policy. There is no reason why some sort of national grading system should not be arranged—it would be a good opportunity to introduce something better than the present one—to guard teachers against a recurrence of patronage. A system dividing teachers into an adequate number of groups would preserve the best features of grading, while avoiding the strictly automatic nature of the present system, where teachers are allotted numbers and placed, theoretically, in their order of merit. In short, there are no difficulties that should not be surmountable with the exercise of a little ingenuity. The country that could produce such an involved device as the New Zealand numerical grading system should be able to overcome any administrative problems.

A decentralised education system for New Zealand is possible. Therefore it should be brought into being. In a dozen ways it would put new life into New Zealand education, which amounts, in the long run, to putting new life into the country itself.



"What are your plans for post-war living, Charlie?"

A MIRACLE OF WOOD AND GLUE!

How the Marvellous "Mosquito" is Built

Recent despatches from London describe the new tactics which enable the Mosquito planes to take an increasingly important part in the bombardment of Germany.

Protecting the bomber stream by flying beside, above or below it, is only a portion of the Mosquitoes' shepherding activities. When a major attack is launched they fan out over hundreds of square miles of Germany, confusing the enemy's signals, spoofing the enemy by leading his night fighters on false trails, and causing a considerable degree of operational paralysis by nuisance-raiding enemy airfields and disorganising take-off routine.

Meanwhile other Mosquitoes, equipped with secret night vision equipment, investigate night fighter packs' assembly points, thereby adding to the enemy's difficulties and contributing to the safety of Bomber Command, whose average casualties lately have reached the lowest point of the war.

* * * *

Mosquito planes are now being built in Australia, using a wood-fabricating, mass-production technique perfected in England by the De Havilland firm. They are not made of plastics, but simply of laminated wooden spars and plywood. The builders are Sydney carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, and other members of the furniture trade.

The production method is simple and rapid, according to an article by Edward Axford in the Sydney "Herald." A sandwich of several layers of wood is moulded round a wooden jig shaped like the longitudinal half-shell of the fuselage. The sandwich consists of an inner core of balsa (a South American wood, the lightest known, lighter even than cork), inside two layers of plywood (made from Australian coachwood).

In shaping these layers of wood on the jig, or mould, no heat is applied, as is necessary in building a plastic aeroplane. Each layer is glued to its neighbour with a casein adhesive (made from skimmed milk), held under pressure by spring-steel bands, and left to harden and dry. In stages, this drying process occupies more than three days.

When the drying is finished and the wood has been sandpapered smooth, ten men loosen the steel bands and carefully lift the finished shell from the jig. Two of these shells are joined together to make the completed fuselage, the join being accomplished by a simple wooden tongue and groove, glued and screwed tightly together with steel screws.

The wings are made of Canadian spruce spars, laminated to give great tensile strength, and covered with a plywood skin. The wing, 54ft. 2in. long, is made in one piece. Some of the wooden members have as many as 16 laminations, many of them accurate to within .01in. To set the glues that cement the spars use is made of electric heating panels, applied to the spars and controlled by thermostats.

Much the same principles are employed in the manufacture of the tailplane.

* * * *

The planes are assembled with more than ordinary ease. Instead of operators having to crawl awkwardly into a tunnel-shaped metal fuselage, there to work with an electric bulb on the end of a piece of flex, they instal most of the interior services and equipment before the two wooden half-shells, port and starboard, are joined together.

First they instal the bulkheads, armour plate, cockpit, and hydraulic tanks, using in each case as the attaching device a plywood disc and brass ferrule. Then the rear floor is fitted, the rudder and elevator-operator linkage is mounted, the instrument panel installed, and the gun mounting blocks added. The metal nose is fitted, the perspex canopy, the bullet-proof laminated glass windscreen, and most of the electrical and radio equipment. By the time the two half-shells are ready for boxing 60 per cent. of the installation work is completed.

In the final assembly shop the wing is fitted to the fuselage by simply bolting it into position at five steel pick-up points let into the wood.

To build Mosquitoes in Australia it has been necessary to import a variety of timbers for which satisfactory Australian substitutes could not quickly be found. Chiefly these are balsa and spruce. Nevertheless, considerable success has attended the use of local timbers. Thus, Australian coachwood takes the place of English birch. Queensland maple and Australian silver ash replace English ash and walnut.

MISS MALAPROP

Prof. John Henderson, who recently arrived from Scotland to occupy the Chair of Theology at the Theological Hall of the Presbyterian Church at Dunedin, brought with him a good story.

When the leaders of his parish heard that he had accepted a post in the faraway Dominion, they instituted an essay competition. The subject was: What do you know about New Zealand?

There was much reading up and swotting. The sum-total of one girl's effort that stuck in the Prof.'s memory was this phrase:

"There are no wild animals in New Zealand outside the Theological Gardens!"—T.L.M.

* * * *

There is nothing so deadening to the development of the human personality as security.—Ian Morrison.

* * * *

Being in the right does not depend upon having a loud voice.—Chinese Proverb.

New Zealanders Now Smoke Their Own Tobacco



OBACCO grown in New Zealand is being increasingly smoked by those who enjoy a pipe or cigarette.

Although the cultivation of tobacco-leaf on a commercial basis was initiated only comparatively recently in New Zealand, the industry has made marked progress, and growers are expert in the production of cured leaf acceptable to manufacturers. Commercial growing is confined to those to whom licenses are issued by the Tobacco Board.

Most of the tobacco produced is flue-cured, producing a yellow-leaf tobacco which is largely used for the manufacture of cigarettes, the balance (which is air cured) is used mainly in the manufacture of smoking mixtures and pipe tobacco. During 1942-43 96 per cent. was flue-cured, and only 4 per cent. air cured.

The first efforts to produce tobacco go back to the early days, according to a recent publication by the Nelson Progress League. With the first arrival of whaling ships on the coast, the Maori at once took to tobacco and demanded seeds of the precious plant. Too often he traded pigs for worthless dock seed, but tobacco was growing in Rotorua in 1839. Later the white settler aspired to fill his own pipe, but all attempts to produce a marketable tobacco failed until Nelson came into the picture about a quarter of a century ago. Today the Nelson district produces three million pounds' weight of tobacco leaf out of the total of seven million which actually goes up in smoke in New Zealand; the remainder being imported leaf.

As New Zealand's sole tobacco-producing district, Nelson is in possession of a flourishing and rapidly expanding industry. Soil surveys by the Cawthron Institute show further areas suitable for producing a sufficient quantity of high-grade leaf to meet the entire New Zealand demand, and these are expected to be under cultivation within a year or two. Successful tobacco-growing requires soil of the right texture and quality, prolonged sunshine and an absence of high winds during the growing season, freedom from early and late frosts, and the right rainfall for the plant. In no other district of New Zealand has the right combination been found.

In 1918 Nelson had eight acres of soil in tobacco. By 1925 the eight acres had expanded to 125 acres. Four years later there were 1,000 acres in tobacco, and after some fluctuation it climbed to its present

figure of over 3,000 acres. It is estimated that with another 4,000 acres in tobacco the New Zealand market will be fully supplied.

The tobacco industry centres on Motueka, and the growing is largely done by small farmers who raise other crops as well. The total of 3,000 acres is scattered about the district on the holdings of about 375 growers, who received some £300,000 for last season's crop, tobacco thus giving a gross return of £100 per acre.

Opportunities for New Growers

The Government has required that a percentage of local leaf shall be used in all tobacco manufactured in New Zealand, and most of the growers have contracts with the New Zealand or outside companies operating in the district, these companies financing them as necessary in the erection of flue-curing barns, etc. It is estimated that with tobacco at 2s. per lb., the marginal profit to the grower is about 25 per cent., after allowing for necessary supplies, labour, etc., including wages to the grower and some of his family. It is said that an experienced farmer can learn all that is necessary about growing and curing tobacco in his first season, but a townsman would do well to put in a two-year apprenticeship with an established grower.

Tobacco seedlings are mostly raised in glass-houses by the companies, and delivered to growers the first week in October for pricking out into seedling beds prepared beforehand. The plants require little attention until large enough to plant out in the fields towards the end of October or beginning of November. A great deal of planting is done by machine, and after the planting and manure-sowing, the land must be kept clear of weeds either by hand-hoeing or by cultivator. Harvesting extends from the end of January to early in April. It is customary for growers to work in conjunction with their neighbours, off-setting labour costs by helping one another. About six hundred casual workers, mostly women, are also employed during the season.

THE CAT AND THE CUSTOMS

A traveller arrived at the docks in New York with a hamper among his luggage. To the customs officer he said: "Please don't open that, as I have a very valuable cat inside, and it might escape."

"We know all about that cat," said the officer. "Open it."

So the traveller opened the hamper. Out leaped a cat and rushed away down the platform. The traveller ran after it with the empty hamper, and a long while after returned.

"I asked you not to open it," he said.

"I know that," said the officer; "but we have to deal with all sorts of people; I had to open it. But I am sorry. Got your cat all right?"

"Yes, I got her at last," said the traveller. And no more was said.

The cat was the ship's cat. And when it got out it ran straight to the ship, and the man with the hamper after it. But when he got to the ship he didn't put the cat into the hamper; he filled that hamper with bottles of whisky.—*Told by Lord Dunsany in his new book, "While the Sirens Slept."*

N.Z. Woman's Life

What We Women Want —after the War

Last month we invited contributions on the above topic, and we present below a selection from the articles received.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DEMANDS

I am one of the sixty-thousand cow-cocky's wives of New Zealand. After the war we ask for more labour on the dairy-farm and the wherewithal to pay it wages, for we crave a little leisure time. At present for ten months of the year cows and kiddies give us none. Lucky are we if we can pack our duties into an eighty-hour week; not to mention the strain and pressure of rushing from shed to house and house to shed twice a day, seven days a week.

We want rural cottages, rural hostels to give us some privacy in our home life, to relieve us of the unpaid drudgery of boarding farm labour, of catering for itinerant workers.

We want comforts and conveniences at the beginning, not at the end of our farm life; and we want them in the home as well as on the farm.

The wives of men eligible for superannuation know that by paying the sum of £1,200 or thereabouts into their fund, they will after forty years' service be able to retire on a regular income of £300 or more. We have to have a land and stock value of at least £6,000 paid off to give us the same income. Few of us can ever accomplish this at all, let alone in forty years. Consequently we never do retire, and the eternal struggle to pay off the mortgage keeps our standard of living, in many respects, much below the New Zealand average. After the war we ask the financial heads to work to adjust this difference.

We love our free life, our fresh air, the beauties of nature, but we want to see the hours of labour shortened. How heart-breaking for mothers to see their children toiling for fourteen hours a day, losing their intelligence, rolling wearily to bed dull and heavy with overwork. We produce the milk, butter, cheese, bacon—all essential to human health. Upon the value of these exports New Zealand largely exists. We want others to fight for us; we are too toil-worn to be articulate.—"KOWHAI" (Mangatainoka).

EQUALITY—AND A LITTLE FIERCE FEMINIST ACTION!

Modern homes with the latest labour-saving devices . . . open-air schools for our children . . . a real working domestic help service . . . homes for everyone . . . a time-payment scheme for travelling . . . all these are things that women dream of . . . all are material and well within the bounds of probability. But women today have an aching need for something more.

They have stood by the side of men and worked hard over the war period. Many of them have sacrificed their health and many more have the knowledge that the happiness of a normal home life will not be theirs—the men who would build those homes will never return. There is a compensation for all this within their reach—and that is equality in the economic and political world—not merely of pay, but equality of service, equality of opportunity, equality of speech at council tables.

The man who has had the guiding hand of a woman behind him has always been greater in history. The country that will accept the voice of women on equal conference with men will be the leading country in the world. What we want after the war is a little fierce feminist action. With women at last sharing an equal place in affairs, perhaps the bitterness and strife, the frustration and unhappiness, the wars and hatreds will in time be banished, as a mother banishes a child's fears and tears.—JEAN SMALL (Auckland).

THE WORLD I WANT

First I would want all of us, whatever our views on war, to have a renewed sense of gratitude for the gift of life. This would include realisation of the sacrifices made, and our own proportional contribution.

Then a thorough examination of all irresponsible statements seems to be a necessary heart-searching effort for us all. The dangerous subversion of such incorrect flippancies as "The Bible says there will always be wars," "We needed a war to brighten things up" . . . should be checked at once.

In education, while advocating the most up-to-date equipment, I would first and foremost wish to see personal responsibility for all activities early instilled in the normal child mind. This, not through fear, but developed cheerfully as a matter of course. I would hope to see the clever and the dull so skilfully trained that all become equally imbued with a sense of service before self.

I would like to see the gradual transferring of essential things to the custody of the people. To achieve this, I hope to see more proportional representation of women in all governing assemblies, and quality before quantity essential for both sexes elected.

Linking the best of the old with the new, I would hope to see a Universal Church emerge to serve the needs of the broader outlook of One World, One Race, One Creator.—G.K.G. (Claudelands).

THE END OF WAR

I think that what the universal prayer of all we women, for the post-war days, is to have the man we love home again with us. This uncertainty of where our lads are and what they are doing, and the agonising wait between the censored letters are enough to send some of the weaker-minded wives and sweethearts of our soldiers somewhat hysterical.

Then also we ask for a happy home with fresh-looking curtains blowing at the window, our kiddies running around, a garden—roses. To go for picnics anywhere we like without the habitual “scrounge” for petrol, to some quiet spot that the war never touched or scarred.

Vanity permits us all to sigh longingly for the gorgeous silks and satins of pre-war days—long, sheer, fully fashioned silk hose—lovely evening frocks which unfortunately the girls of today are growing up without any acquaintance of.

Oh God, haste that happy day when the war is over for ever.—
JOY BELL (Ashburton).

A MOTHER'S VIEWS

What kind of a world do I want after the war? Well, as a mother of a girl of 10 and a boy of 7, most of my thoughts and desires centre round them. And what kind of a world do I want for them?

I want them to be able to develop into mature, reasonable beings, living a life satisfactory to themselves and of use to the community. Most of all I want them to be free from the horrors of war and the dread of unemployment.

I want them to be internationally minded, to know of and understand the peoples of all countries, whether they have been friends or enemies. In these days of a “shrunk” world understanding will be essential.

For leisure time, playing fields should be available for all and hobby and cultural clubs also.

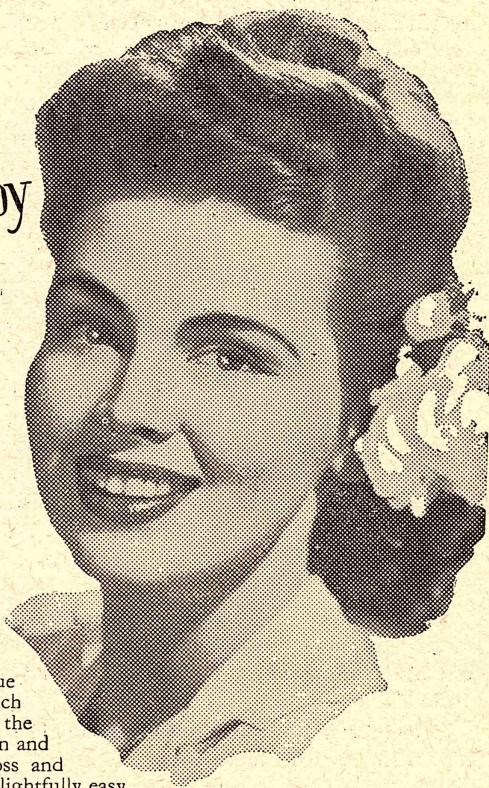
Every person should have the right to a comfortable, attractive home with all modern labour-saving devices. Some system of “Mother's Helps” should be available, so that mothers could have occasional freedom from their children and husbands, and wives could go out together.

Holiday allowances would be provided so that all people would be able to see the beauties of their own country.

I want to see women taking responsible places in the community and discarding for ever the old saying, “The woman's place is in the home.” It will be hard for many to shake off the traditions of the past, but if we are to have the world we want, women must exert themselves.—“R” (Hamilton).

A novelist says that with fashions as they are you can't tell a woman and her daughter apart. And in this brazen age there isn't much you can tell them together.

I won't be
embarrassed by
"Holiday
Hair"



Summer sun and winds, salt water and sand take the glamour from your hair. Straggly, brittle, dull Holiday Hair needs the special reviving treatment of Q-TOL FOUR-OIL SHAMPOO. It's unique because it's the only shampoo which contains the four oils which restore the natural beauty to hair spoiled by sun and water. It gives a scintillating gloss and makes hair soft and tractable. Delightfully easy to use, no after-rinse required. Get your bottle now!

- ★ COCONUT OIL
for a copious, cleansing
lather.
- ★ OLIVE OIL
to soothe the scalp and
give a captivating gloss.
- ★ CASTOR OIL
for growth and thick-
ness.
- ★ LEMON OIL
to prevent brittleness
and retain the natural
colour.

Q-TOL
★ FOUR - OIL
SHAMPOO

Do Glamour Girls make Good Mothers?

Did you know that the old-time mother has been supplanted by a feminine type that is "distinguished by a sophisticated youthfulness deriving its inspiration from Hollywood"?

That statement is made in a report, recently published in Australia, prepared by Dame Enid Lyons and Lady Cilento, as part of a wide investigation into the current decline in the birthrate.

Everybody knows, of course, that in the past decade Hollywood has set the style in dress and hair-do for a large proportion of the youthful feminine population in New Zealand, Australia, and several other countries. Such a tendency, whatever its drawbacks, has added to the brightness of our streets, shops, offices, and homes. But whether it is having any effect on vital national problems is a debatable subject.

The report mentioned above went on to say:

"Popular magazines, commercial advertisements, newspaper articles, and current fiction all tend to make fashionable a type of feminine beauty not commonly associated with maternity and a mode of living unsuited to the claims of children.

"The result is that unconsciously the modern woman is led to believe that motherhood in any but a very limited form is undesirable. It is extremely difficult to stem the current of fashionable thought and today fashion decrees small families, or even no children at all."

With that conception of family life our social customs are in harmony, the report continued. Young mothers of today often feel very sorry for themselves when they cannot keep pace with the activities of former school friends or cannot acquire the amenities and the elegance in their homes displayed by friends with one or two children. It is the attitude of the mind of women themselves towards the whole process of child-bearing that is the final determining factor in the rise and fall of the birth-rate.

The husband's wishes are of some importance, but it has been frequently noticed that if the wife wishes to have children she has them and the husbands who have been most half-hearted or even hostile usually become the most devoted fathers once the child is born.

The young married woman of our war-time world receives one compliment from Dame Lyons and Lady Cilento. She no longer feels sensitive about her appearance. She must, of necessity, go shopping daily, and transact her business in the town. There she finds so many others in the same condition as herself that her change in figure is scarcely noticed.

"It is an interesting psychological fact that the half-unconscious urge of patriotism and national need is beginning to make maternity almost fashionable. It is becoming not only fashionable, but a distinct

advantage, in that the expectant mother naturally receives the consideration in shops and trams which is her due."

When it appeared in the newspapers, some portions of the report aroused wide controversy. A South Australian woman, the mother of eight children, declared that no past generation can better the record of the modern glamour girls, who "carry their youth and their charm like a banner," and do a splendid job as mothers although they might hold modern views.

And So Would Bing!

At a big factory near Wellington devoted to war-work, one of the regular employees is a married woman 70 years of age. She has sole charge of a machine about three times the size of a room, and does her job well.

One of her pleasures is the music that is usually "turned on" during working hours. One day the radio was off duty for several hours, so she got a fellow-worker to chalk on the broad back of her overalls—"I want Bing Crosby." Then she stood where the works manager could see her back through the glass walls of his office.

Soon afterwards the "big chief" came along, and after a few words with the works-manager he went up to the veteran.

"And what would you do with Bing Crosby if you had him, Mrs. J——?" he asked.

"You'd be surprised!" was the reply.

* * *

Yes or No?

Many earnest members of women's organisations are keen on one dominant idea—wages for wives. On the other hand, most married women think the proposal ludicrous. What women actually say on the subject is indicated in the report of a meeting of an Australian Housewives' Association. One woman maintained that husbands should be compelled by law to give a certain percentage of their wages into the home, and so save wives a great deal of worry.

"If a man has a beastly temper, apart from anything else, the first thing he does is to stop the money," she declared. "These men have their own pleasures—which we don't call pleasures, we decent people—and we need something to make them hand over some of their wages to their wives."

The chairman: "Don't you think the average working man turns over most of his money?"

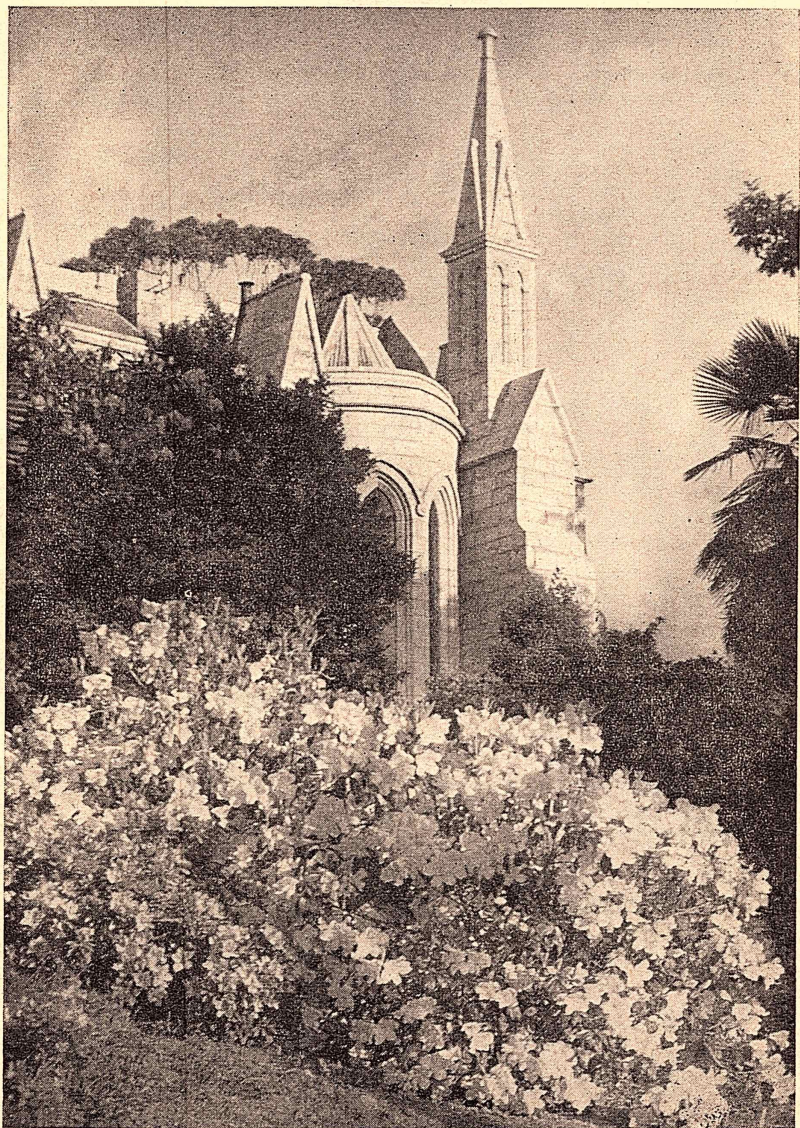
"No. Coming home he goes into a hotel, and the way money can disappear in a hotel is beyond belief."

"That is not the average man," said another member.

"It is a very big percentage," was the reply. "I don't want to seem hard on men, because I have got a very good husband. But unless some men are forcibly compelled to give up their money, they won't."

The controversy leads one to ask: Should a woman marry at all if she can't trust her husband to hand over a fair share of his earnings?

Flowers and Spires



A Corner of the Cathedral, Nelson

There is nothing more important for the intelligent New Zealander . . .

than to understand the problems, personalities, and potentialities of his own country, and to appreciate its scenery, history, and character. To provide material for that understanding is the aim of the N.Z. MAGAZINE, which is today more vigorous, interesting, and important than ever.

This journal has a wide circle of friends throughout the Dominion because of its original and distinctive policy of dealing chiefly with New Zealand topics and personalities.

It is not an imitation but a real New Zealand production. It reports vividly and intelligently on the most interesting and important aspects of New Zealand life. Its contributors live in all parts of New Zealand, and they tell what they see, know, and think. Here are typical opinions:

"I love your journal—it is refreshing and free from hackneyed journalism."

"The magazine as a whole has a feeling, a personality, of brisk efficiency, of being straight to the point and no waste matter. It really says things."

"Your magazine is, I think, the most valiant and most national of all the gallant little journals that have ventured forth here."

WELL MADE, NEW ZEALAND!

A Literary Page or Two

By "SHIBLI BAGARAG"

No writer has done more for poetry in New Zealand than Charles A. Marris. Curiously enough, this statement has not been made in print before, nor has any real recognition been given of Mr. Marris's great work in encouraging and developing the writing of poetry. His first opportunity for helping poets came with the advent of the Christchurch "Sun." Through Mr. Marris's interest, our poets found print in a paper that maintained a scrupulous standard of merit, and were also paid for their work. Later, during his editorship of the "N.Z. Times," C.A.M. did not forget his poet friends. His most important work commenced in 1928 with his literary editorship of "Art in New Zealand," and later in 1932 with his annual anthology of New Zealand verse. Here our poets were placed in their right setting on permanent view, as it were, for the daily press is too ephemeral for the enduring interest of good verse.

Now Charles Marris has crowned his endeavours with his "Lyric Poems of N.Z., 1928-1942," containing upwards of one hundred of the best poems published in "Art in New Zealand," "New Zealand Best Poems," and later poems available. Although a kindly and helpful critic for hundreds of writers of verse, Mr. Marris is incorruptible when it comes to publication standard. Hence we have in "Lyric Poems" possibly the finest book of verse ever published in this country.

* * * *

Included in Shibli's Christmas gifts was a copy of the first posthumous work of the late James Cowan, "Tales of the Maori Border," which has been published by A. H. and A. W. Reed in their Raupo Series. Here's hoping it sets up a new Raupo sales record. There is a new portrait of the author (poorly reproduced, though), a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Peter Fraser, and a glowing tribute to the author by Alan Mulgan. It goes without saying that the stories are good and some of considerable historical interest. The central illustrations on art paper are excellent. Another gift was a beautifully produced book, "A Song of Praise for Maoriland," from the pen of A. H. Reed, with striking illustrations by George Woods.

* * * *

I cannot remember having read a book so close to nature in New Zealand as "The Book of Wiremu" by Stella Morice. It is a slender book of some 50 pages, beautifully printed and illustrated; in fact, one of the most satisfying jobs ever issued by the Progressive Publishing Society. I do not know who Stella Morice is, but I will say this—her name will never be forgotten in this country as having given to us this little classic. No newism about this writer—every sentence is so faithful to our back country life that the secret of the bush is on every page. Wiremu is a Maori boy who is given to his Uncle Hori because Wiri's father and mother have too many children as it is. The story

covers just a few days in the life of Wiremu, his playthings the toys of nature, and his friends the simple peace-loving folk of the neighbourhood. It is impossible to describe the story; it is sheer art. Nancy Bolton shares in the spirit of the book in her drawings. (Incidentally "Shibli" does not "review" books. He buys them or they are given to him.)

* * * *

Since the war wiped out the literary atmosphere from our dailies and our weeklies, those of us who look for this more enduring atmosphere in the papers we read, have had to tighten our literary belts and subsist on the meagre ration allowed us. A flood of cheap weeklies, plus numerous digests, has only aggravated the position. However, "Shibli" must place on record the fact that at least two periodicals have maintained the ordinary literary decencies. First is "The Listener." Who ever heard of a State publication preserving its literary integrity? "The Listener" has done so, thanks to an incorruptible editor. Its interest is always of a high level even though half of its space is of necessity devoted to radio programmes. The literary and radio reviews, if at times caustic, are many miles removed from the puff par variety of many other papers. One other paper I would like to praise for its continued high literary and pictorial standard is "The N.Z. Magazine." I need not say more, for I may be regarded as prejudiced in this respect. A host of letters received by the editor over the passing years testify to the high esteem in which it is held.

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A Scientist's Book for the Everyday Reader

ISLANDS OF DANGER

By Ernest Beaglehole

This book is a full-length account of a scientist's life on a coral atoll. The author and his wife lived for some seven months with the 600 native inhabitants of the island, and many amusing and significant details of atoll life are described with deft touch and shrewd observation. From time to time the author turns an island searchlight on our own society with unexpected but telling results. The book is beautifully produced and is illustrated by maps and photographs.

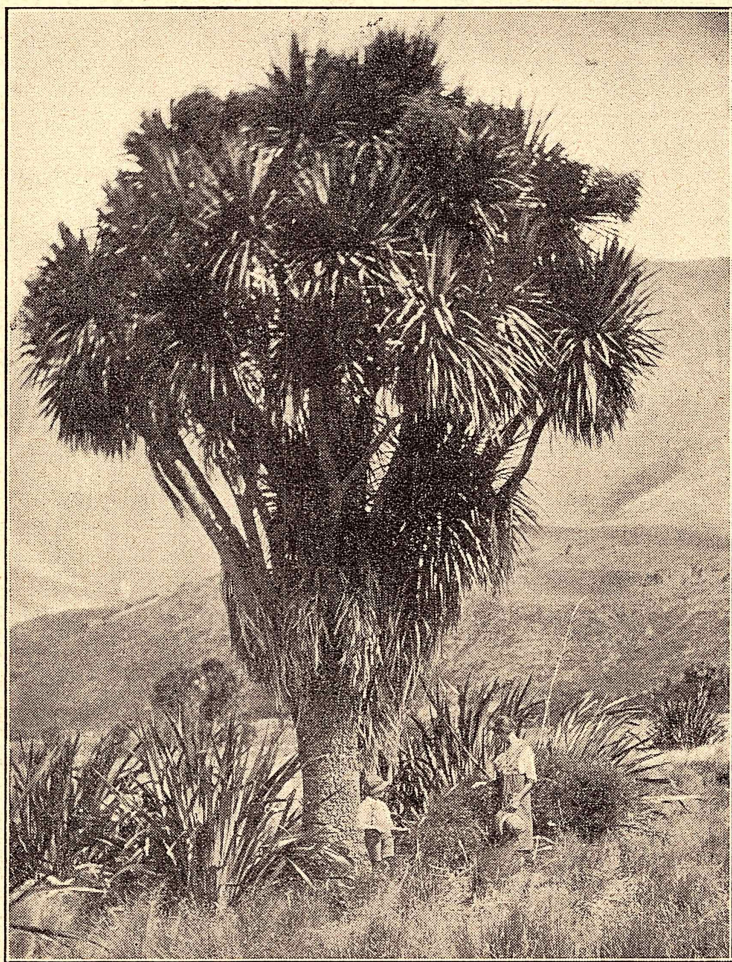
Price 15/6, Obtainable all Booksellers

The Progressive Publishing Society
P.O. Box 956 - - Wellington

Occasionally the Internal Affairs Department produces books or booklets of fine literary and pictorial content and typographical excellence. These publications are not always available at booksellers and therefore some of them are already collectors' items. The latest from this Department is entitled "A Message to the Maori People." It is a small tastefully produced booklet of 28 pages containing the text in English and Maori of a striking address given by the Earl of Listowel.

Marginalio.—"Art in New Zealand" is now published in a new format, and is entitled "The Arts in New Zealand." The December-January issue has much to interest lovers of art and literature in spite of the reduced size....Paul Grano, the Australian poet whose work is known in New Zealand, will shortly have his collected verse published in a limited edition....Denis Glover of the Caxton Press, who has been in the Navy for the past few years, returned to New Zealand recently on a brief visit. He writes now only occasionally...A welcome and in this case a permanent return to New Zealand was made recently by Mr. Clyde Taylor, who will resume his post at the Turnbull Library. ...Mrs. Elsie Ryan, whose verse has appeared in the C. A. Marris's Anthology, will shortly have the best of her poems published in Wellington....Mr. H. J. Kearney, who, in spite of his four-score years (and more) is still recognised as one of our most competent financial writers, was one of those wounded in the Napier shooting sensation. A few days after the shooting he was writing his financial articles as vigorously as ever...."Frith," the well known cartoonist and caricaturist of the Sydney "Bulletin," has joined the "Sydney Morning Herald." ...The Australian Limited Editions Society, which has not issued any books since 1941, has in course of publication an Anthology of Modern Australian Poetry by H. M. Green...."Story-Time by Bryan O'Brien" sold out its first edition of 5,000 copies in less than a month....Frank Cooz'e "Kiwis in the Pacific" was published just before Christmas and is selling well....The Religious Drama Society (45 Arua Road, Wellington, E.5) is conducting a One-Act Play Competition closing Feb. 28.

Booklets on the Table.—In a limited edition of 140 copies, Frantisek Halas' "Our Lady Bozena Nemcova" (translated by Fredk. Ost and with a foreword by Pavel Tigrid). I was intrigued and mystified with its strange verses. Collectors who want copies should write to the Handcraft Press, 43 Aurora Terrace, Wellington....Two booklets on the Australian Platypus, one by David Fleay and the other by Charles Barrett, have been published by Robertson & Mullens of Melbourne. They are well illustrated...."The Cross of Fire," a poem by Arthur C. Strimpel of Adelaide, the merit of which may tempt me to a larger mention shortly...."Looking Forward," a post-war policy for Australian Industry (Institute of Public Affairs), Victoria....A pamphlet on the Co-operative Movement by Dan McLaughlin....The first number of "The N.Z. Writers' and Composers' Magazine," brightly presented and published in Rotorua...."Poems From Allied Nations," a little anthology of war poems published by the Handcraft Press (editors, Noel Hoggard and Fredk. Ost).



The Cabbage Tree

A typical feature of the New Zealand landscape. This striking palm has been planted in many places abroad, and is specially favoured at Torquay in Devon.

OUR LETTER BOX

WE ASKED FOR IT

We asked for opinions about our Christmas Number, and many readers responded. Most of the opinions were favourable—such as these:

"It's a little wiz," wrote a woman reader; and another reported, "I found it extremely interesting."

One of our contributors questioned his family and friends, and reports: "My wife—'Very good all the way through.' A niece—'Dad and I would rather miss a meal than the N.Z. MAGAZINE.' My own opinion—'A top-notch. I like the pictures.'"

A newspaper review said: "This well-edited, interesting, and instructive publication lives up to its title consistently."

THE NEW ZEALAND SPIRIT

"My family and self have enjoyed your Magazine very much. It is racy of the soil, and proves that New Zealanders appreciate articles on New Zealand and New Zealand interests."—J.D. (Whangarei).

"I would like to say how much I enjoyed the last issue, especially your articles on R.L.S. and the Katherine Mansfield piece. We do want more of this kind of thing in our New Zealand publications."—A.K. (Wgton.).

These two letters are specially interesting, because the reason for the existence of this Magazine is to present "the New Zealand spirit" in words and pictures, and to deal with the more interesting and important aspects of New Zealand life.

That thousands of people appreciate that aim has been abundantly proved. Pessimists have often told us that New Zealand life and affairs are "too dull" for the making of a popular periodical; but we have always believed that when we developed or discovered writers who knew how to handle the right topics, the reading public would be interested and entertained. Human nature is very similar the world over—and New Zealand is not dull!

MORE PICTURES?

This note comes from an Auckland reader: "I read the N.Z. MAGAZINE with interest and thought the Christmas Number excellent. As far as I am concerned, more pictures would further improve the magazine, which has my best wishes." We printed a generous display of illustrations in the Christmas Number, but of course pictures reduce the amount of space available for reading matter. Our policy will be to print sufficient pictures to enliven the magazine and to give "atmosphere" to the articles and stories.

A REMINISCENCE OF R.L.S.

The veteran Tom L. Mills writes:

Tributes to the Great Scot occasioned recently by the attainment of the jubilee anniversary of the deathday of Robert Louis Stevenson reminds me of my own unusual bit of Stevensonism. An Italian artist visited the poet in Samoa and painted his portrait. I met that painter, Signor

Nerli, in Wellington on his way out from the Islands. He showed me not only the canvas, but some lilting verses R.L.S. wrote during the periods of the sittings. The poet was shy of the artist and dubious of his own phiz as a subject. But he was delighted with the result. So was I—so much so that I prevailed upon Nerli to let me photograph the painting and the MS. for the purpose of sending them for reproduction in the New York "Cosmopolitan Magazine." I provided that periodical with a "scoop," for the editor,

John Brisbane Walker, made the portrait its frontispiece and the verses the first page.

In the letter of thanks and appreciation sent me the Editor paid me the peculiar and unique compliment of "putting your name on my free list for the term of your natural life." I did not get the beautifully produced magazine for 21 years, however, for long before that sentence was up Brisbane Walker had grown tired of being an editor-publisher. He sold out at a big profit.

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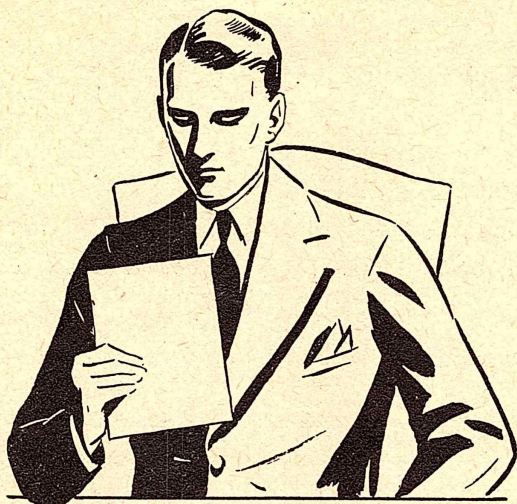
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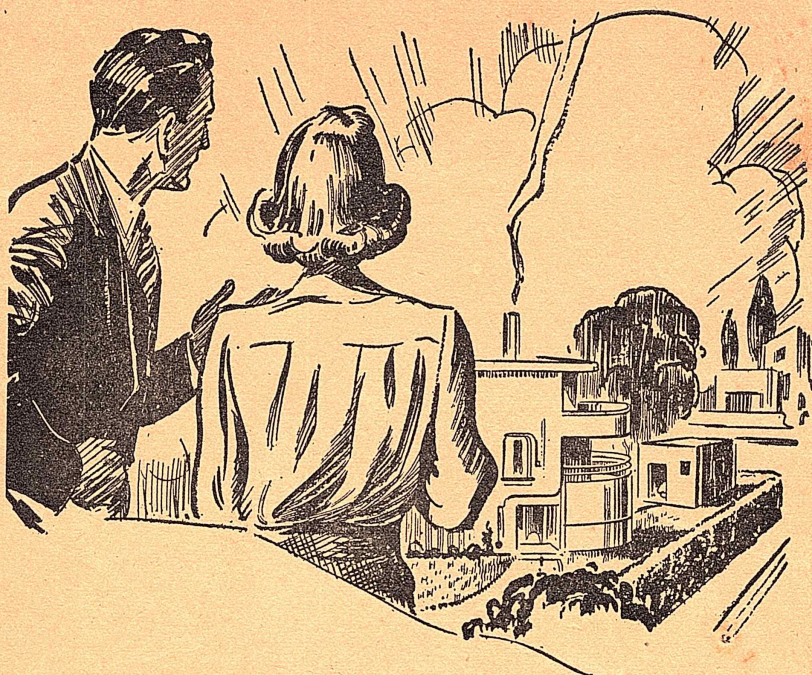
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